THE PRINCE IN INDIA

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BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

THE PRINCE IN INDIA

CHAPTER 1.

HIS MAJESTY'S ship RENOWN left Portsmouth on October 27, 1921. On board was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales who was setting forth upon his embassy to the East. Nearly nine months were to elapse before the Prince was to see his native shores again and in that time he was to visit much of the Empire and see many men and cities. But chiefly he was to see the men and cities of India and it is with his visit to India that this narrative deals.

The RENOWN arrived in Bombay roadstead at dawn on November 17. To any traveller the first glimpse of India is full of charm. On his right he sees the hills and islands which have made Bombay Harbour famous among the world's beautiful roadsteads. On his left, shadowed by a canopy of mist and smoke, is the city—glittering white walls, lofty domes, cupolas, minarets. But to the Prince's eyes, the natural beauties of the approach were enhanced by the trappings worn by a city rejoicing.

In the harbour's midst were set the grey hulls of the ships of the East India Squadron and the darker masses of merchant and passenger steamers. The men-o'-war were manned and all were dressed with flags. On shore, beside the half-finished colossal Gateway of India, had been erected a white pavilion, pinnacled and domed, which gleamed in the sun like alabaster. Beyond, waved flags and streamers from Venetian masts and the first of the triumphal arches and painted pylons, which were the main feature of the Bombay scheme of decorations in honour of the Prince's visit, could be discerned.

As the RENOWN neared its anchorage, the first guns of a Royal Salute came thudding from the battery at Middle Ground.

The Prince lands: shaking hands with the Viceroy.

THE PRINCE IN INDIA.

Immediately the waters became active with small craft. Fussy launches purred and droned their way from shore to ship and from ship to shore. These bore the first visitors to the Prince—H. E. the Viceroy, H. E. the Naval Commander-in-Chief, H. E. the Commander-in-Chief, H. E. the Governor and several other high dignitaries of Bombay who gave him welcome on behalf of India.

By ten o'clock all the visitors had left the RENOWN and the stage was set for the formal, more public welcome. The Viceroy and the Governor had taken their station at the head of the steps leading from the water's edge to the Apollo Bunder. Within the white pavilion waited the ruling chiefs and princes who had come to Bombay to participate in the first welcome to the Prince. At the landward end of the Bunder, packed tier upon tier in a great amphitheatre, were many thousands of Bombay's citizens. In the streets beyond vast crowds waited.

At a quarter past ten a burst of cheering, borne faintly over the water, announced to the people on shore that the Prince had left the RENOWN. A few moments passed, and then there appeared, dancing lightly over the harbour waters, a launch, the first of three which escorted the Prince.

Before heading for the shore, the launches visited all the ships of the East India Squadron which were in the harbour, the passing of the Prince being marked by lusty cheering. When the last of the ships had been passed, the launches circled round from a point opposite the Middle Ground battery and made for the shore. They were travelling fast and it seemed but a few moments before they had traversed the intervening distance. The first launch, manned only by a few seamen standing at attention, swept past the Bunder steps. The second launch contained the Prince. To moor it to the steps was the work of a few moments and His Royal Highness, admist the thunder of guns, stepped solitary ashore. Dressed in the uniform of a naval captain, he looked in the best of health, his cheeks tanned by the sun and the sea breezes.

A few brief ceremonies and presentations, and the Prince in procession—preceded by the combined staffs of himself, the Viceroy and the Governor—passed into the pavilion where the ruling Princes and the high officials of Government awaited him. To greet these took but little time and the procession was resumed towards the amphitheatre where the first ceremonial of the tour was staged. This was the presentation of an address by the Municipal Corporation of the City of Bombay. But before we came to that, the Prince got his first taste of the enthusiasm of which a cosmopolitan crowd in India is capable. As soon as he emerged from the shadows cast by the white pavilion, a storm of cheering burst forth, swelling from the people in the arena, caught up and redoubled by the people in the streets nearby, and echoed and re-echoed by hundreds of men and women in the windows and verandahs of the circumjacent buildings For full two minutes the cheers endured and, when they ceased, the crowds, as if oppressed with the silence, burst forth again in renewed ecstasies of noise. . . .

Replying to the Bombay Municipal address.

Municipal addresses, like all occasional oratory, are remarkable for their perfection. They are faultless in their eloquence, faultless in their sentiments. That which the city of Bombay presented to the Prince was no exception. It was a model to all corporations. It told the history of the city in brief. It dwelt on the problems it was now faced with. It bade the Prince welcome and it offered the city's homage and devotion. It could have done no more. The Prince's reply was dominated by one note—the note he struck in the sentence "I want you to know me and I want to know you." It was the happiest possible speech and at once assured for him that the sympathy for India to which his speech gave expression would be met with sympathy, and that understanding would go out to him and bring him to the knowledge he sought. After the reading of the address—which was placed in a silver casket—and of reply thereto, the members of the Corporation were presented to the Prince who thereafter, amid renewed storms of cheering, left in a State procession for Government House.

It was during the procession that His Royal Highness first met the full forces of a people's welcome, and particularly when the procession came to pass along Esplanade Road. The curve formed by the junction of this with Hornby Road and the width of the street offer exceptional advantages to the sightseer, and soon after eight o'clock, the shady side of the road from Bori Bunder down to the Elphinstone College was filling with a continuous and ever-growing stream of spectators. By ten o'clock, when the cavalry regiment forming the first part of the Prince's escort took up its position near the Flora Fountain, the crowd had grown uncomfortably dense. Every point of vantage was occupied—the plentiful balconies on either side of the road, the roofs of the buildings, the scaffolding of buildings under construction. Temporary stands run up near the Paper Currency Office and elsewhere creaked and groaned under the weight of humanity they supported.

One seething mass of people stood patiently and in good humour, defying the heat and inevitable discomfort of a crowd, waiting eagerly for a sight of the Prince. Beyond the hurried passage just before ten o'clock of a Hindu funeral party and, later, the comic appearance of a gentleman advertising his own eccentricity and his employers' wares, there was no discordant note in the symphony of joy and expectation.

The first sign of the procession beginning to move forward was the signal for a rustle of expectation among the crowd which, at the last moment, was joined by many late-comers who rushed up from side streets and sought in vain for vantage points whence they could see over the heads of the earlier arrivals. When the procession approached, there was, fortunately, no difficulty in detecting which was the Royal carriage. The Prince was recognisable at once even if it had not been for the gold chhatri held above him, and he was greeted with volleys of cheers which echoed among the neighbouring buildings just as the salutes of the guns had done earlier in the morning.

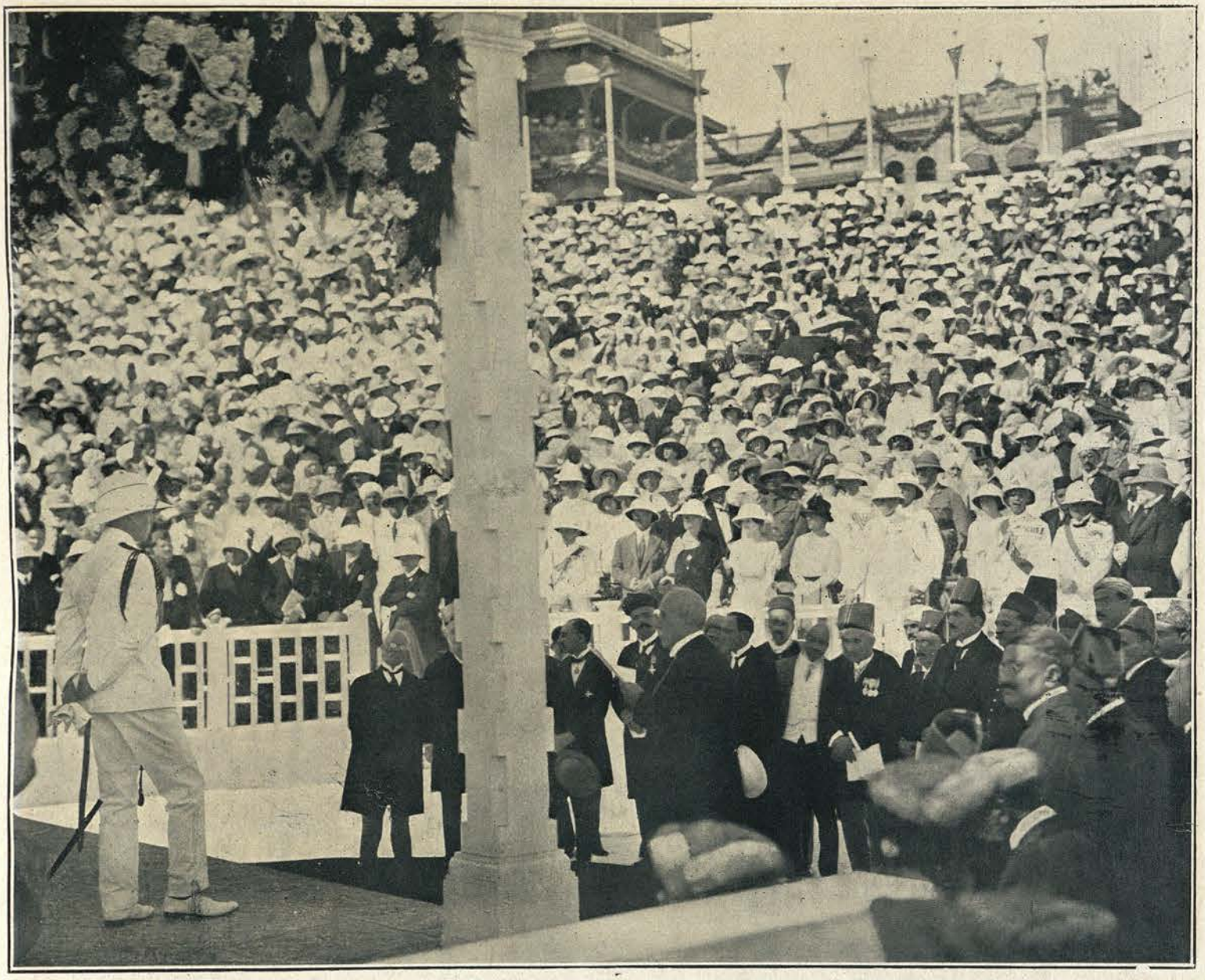
The same scenes prevailed all along the route to Government House and everywhere vast crowds gave their welcome to the Prince outward manifestation. At places there was the traditional solemn silence and salaaming peculiar to orientals; again, there were applause and waving of handkerchiefs; and lastly there were shouting and cheering in the western manner.

A word here of *hartal* and boycott. Before the Prince came to India the non-co-operators decided to boycott him, and all the ceremonies and functions held in his honour. The plea was offered that the Prince was the guest of the bureaucracy only and was being used by them in an attempt to bolster a tottering regime. So at every place, or nearly every place, in British India visited by the Prince *hartal* was declared on the day of his arrival and the people were invited to participate in a boycott. The response varied in different places. Usually somewhere about fifty or sixty percent,

of the people in the cities observed the boycott. In Bombay and Madras the figure was far lower, but in both these places the boycott issued in violence, murder and arson to which one at least of the contributory causes was the attempt made by the non-co-operators to compel people who desired to go and see the Prince to stay at home. In one or two places the *hartal* and the boycott were complete—notably in Allahabad. But in the majority of places the Prince—when the political situation of the country is considered—received a remarkably and unexpectedly enthusiastic welcome. Where, therefore, in this narrative no specific mention is made of the behaviour of the crowd, it should be understood as being "remarkably and unexpectedly enthusiastic".

After the ceremonies associated with his arrival, pleasant and gratifying, no doubt, but none the less trying, the Prince was able to snatch a few hours of welcome rest. The only other public function was a reception at night at Government House. Of past receptions at Malabar Point many have the pleasantest memories, but on none will the memory linger with greater pleasure than this, which gave to many thousands of the citizens of Bombay an opportunity of coming into closer contact with the Heir to the Throne than was possible at the necessarily formal ceremony at the Gateway of India. At any time the grounds of Government House make the most charming of retreats from the noise and bustle of a busy city. But on this occasion the electrician had waved over them a fairy-wand. Coloured lights peeped coquettishly from the trees and lit the pathways, and as if to bestow a benediction on the gathering and smile her encouragement to His Royal Highness at the commencement of a tour which was to prove arduous and exacting, the moon, serene in the fullness of her majesty, sent down her rays to add to the beauty of the surroundings and, incidentally, to lighten the lot of those who, departing late at night, went to seek their cars among the hundreds of waiting vehicles. It was not expected of the Prince that he should meet personally all the guests. No arrangements, indeed, for formal individual presentation were made. But when the Prince meets people he meets them, and hurriedly arrangements were made for a levee. Between two and three thousand guests filed past His Royal Highness. With each he shook hands and he had a few words for nearly all the ex-officers who passed. How heroic was this courtesy can be estimated only by those who have stood, outside the range of a punkah, for a space of two hours and more within a crowded room during a warm evening in Bombay.

Quickly falling into the custom of India, the Prince was up be-



H. R. H. listening to the reading of the Municipality's address.

times of the following morning and took exercise. The form which the exercise took was a game of polo, his favourite recreation. About an hour in all was spent on the Willingdon Club polo ground, after which the Prince returned to Government House where he breakfasted. The ruling chiefs in the city were received in audience after breakfast. For the rest, the morning was a quiet one.

In the afternoon, the Prince attended at the Willingdon Club to witness the semi-finals in the Commemoration Polo Tournament. The teams were those of Rutlam, Jodhpur, Patiala and a team called the Enthusiasts, drawn mostly from the Governor's staff. They played in the order named. The Prince arrived shortly after four o'clock, just in time to see the concluding chukker of an excellent game in which Rutlam, conceding a six goals start to Jodhpur and playing with magnificent dash and precision, won by eleven goals to nine. He stayed to

THE START OF THE STATE PROCESSION FROM APOLLO BUNDER TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE, BOMBAY.

THE STATE CARRIAGE PASSING THE FLORA FOUNTAIN.

see the opening chukker of the second game (which ended in an easy victory for the Enthusiasts) and left the Club about a quarter past five to attend the garden party given in his honour by the President of the Municipal Corporation. This was held in the Pherozeshah Mehta Gardens on Malabar Hill. Green lawns, flowers and the foliage of trees, lit at dusk by hundreds of twinkling lamps, the pleasant tinkle of tea-cups, bands plunged in the depths of sentimental melody and a cool wind from the sea—the gardens had little in common with the heat and dust of Bombay city. They were a corner of Arcadia on a Sunday. . . . The Prince stayed among the guests—several of whom were brought up and introduced to him —for half an hour, leaving along with the Governor amidst ringing cheers.

In the evening a ball was given at Government House. The floor-space of the two ball-rooms, extensive though it be, was hard put to it to accomodate the hundreds of dancing couples. When a dance was in the height of its progress, a brilliant scene was enacted before the eyes of the observer. Costly and beautiful gowns passed in dazzling succession. And the uniforms! Full justice has been done to many of the notable things the British Army has to its credit. But there still lacks

A Group at Government House, Bombay: H. R. H. in the centre with the Governor and the Commander-in-Chief on his right and Lady Lloyd on his left.

a pen to describe the artistic ingenuity and merit in the evolution of ceremonial military dress. Many branches of the Services and very many regiments were represented at the ball, which is to say that there was an unending succession of brilliant uniforms.

The Prince joined the throng at ten o'clock. An enthusiast of the ball-room, he danced in the first available dance. "Not too tall, but otherwise the prettiest girl in the room will do" is the measure for his judgment of partners. His taste appeared to be fully met and there were few dances he failed to dance before the necessity of travelling to Poona compelled him, Cinderella-like, to leave Government House at midnight.

That night the Prince made acquaintance with the special train in which he was to pass many nights and not a few days during the next four months. He travelled in it to Poona where he arrived the following morning at half past nine. Evidently, the good people of Poona believe in the validity of those mottoes which inculcate the need of making hay while the sun shines and of improving the shining hour. They had the Prince among them for exactly nine and a half hours. Into that time they contrived to pack five events all of considerable magnitude and importance. The Prince received an address from the suburban municipality; he laid the foundation-stone of a Mahratta War Memorial; he laid the foundation-stone of a memorial to Shivaji; he inspected more than two thousand pensioners; he attended the Races in State. At the end of it all one felt that a Prince's life, like a policeman's is not a happy one. But the Prince went through it and finished the day apparently as fresh and unfatigued as he began it.

On arrival at Poona railway station a State procession was formed. The municipal address was received *en passant* to the Shanwar Wada, the site of the War Memorial. The route thither led round the outskirts of Poona city. The passage of years have done little to impair the massive strength of the old walls of Poona. They still frown in majestic grimness upon the passer-by and speak to the understanding ear of "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago". But of the Shanwar Wada itself, once the noble palace-fortalice of the Peshwas, little remains. First fire, and then the corroding hand of time working on the ruins, have reduced it to a few heaps of stones and debris set in several acres of wilderness. But restoration has been busy during the last few years, and the future will see something, if not of the palace itself, at least of its surroundings. Some such gardens as those which once sheltered the meditations of ancient rulers will bloom again; such fountains as made the air musical with the splash of falling water will refresh the eye and the ear. And dominating these revitalised scenes will tower the memorial raised to the Mahratta troops who served and died in the War. The memorial which is being erected by the Mahratta regiments and ruling chiefs, will take the form of a plain obelisk. With simple but picturesque military ceremonial, the Prince laid the foundation-stone over which the Swami of Chafal, a picturesque old figure who is a lineal descendant of Ram Das, the *guru* of the great Shivaji, read a benediction. If the good wishes contained in that benediction are realised, fortunate indeed will be the Prince, the Memorial and all connected with it.

A few minutes' drive brought the Prince to the site of the Shivaji Memorial. Shivaji, the warrior chieftain who in his day

humbled to the dust the power of the Mahomedan invaders of Hindustan, is the great national hero of Maharashtra. He is to the Mahrattas what William Tell is to the Swiss and Wallace to the Scots. Legends of his prowess linger throughout the Deccan highlands where the battlemented strongholds he built still crown many a precipitous crag. But not always have the Mahrattas been mindful of their hero. The ruinous state into which they allowed his tomb to fall speaks of at least outward neglect. Now, however, they mean to perpetuate his memory in material as enduring as bronze. His name, once so famous in war, will be associated with widespread educational schemes and projects of social uplift.

The memorial inaugurated by the Prince is part of the wider scheme. It was inaugurated with all the dignity and ceremony worthy of the greatness of the occasion. On three sides of a square had been built stands fit to accommodate a multitude. In the middle stood the basic structure on which the foundation-stone was to rest. Fronting it was a canopy beneath which were set three golden thrones. Within the stands ten thousand of Poona's inhabitants had gathered. Outside, taking advantage of any rising ground which nature offered, were ten thousand more. Among the foremost of the seated spectators were the descendants of those noblemen who made brilliant the Court of the Peshwas. But, differing in station as were those assembled, they all shared a common loyalty to the Throne and a common devotion to the members of the Royal House, sentiments which found strepitous expression as the carriage of the Prince, escorted by the Gwalior State Lancers, under the command of the Maharaja himself, swung through the entrance archways into the square. As the Prince alighted and seated himself on the centre throne, the applause was deafening and every now and again the multitude broke into shouts of "Uvaraj Maharaj ki Jai" (Long live the Prince) and "Shivaji Maharaj ki Jai". It was indeed a stirring reception. But perhaps the most remarkable episode occurred after the Prince had left. Immediately on his departure, the crowds rushed at the chair on which he had sat and did homage by prostrating themselves before it a devotion which recalled to many who saw it a similar occasion in Calcutta during the King's visit to India when the crowds did *puja* before the vacant thrones used by their Majesties at a durbar. The chair and carpet at Poona were saved with difficulty from this exhibition of religious loyalty.

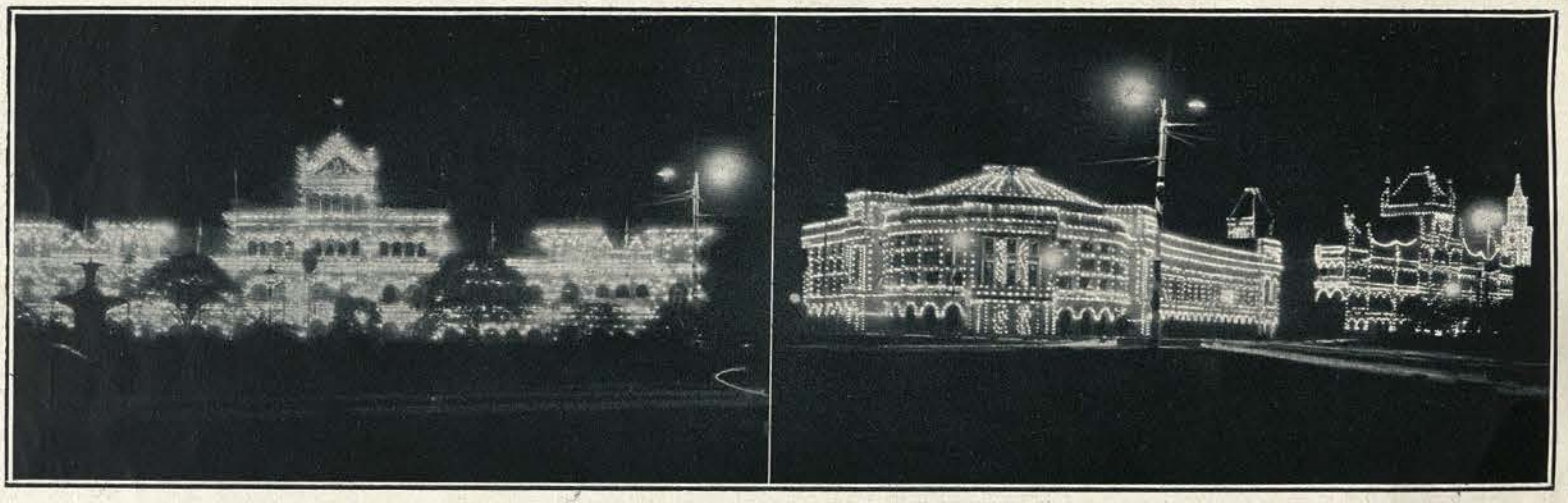
There were similar scenes of enthusiasm at the race course in the afternoon. The Stewards of the Western India Turf Club had organised a special race meeting in honour of His Royal Highness' visit. Before the first race was run, the stands and lawns of the Turf Club were full, while the other enclosures were a seething mass of motley humanity. Nor was this all. Many thousands, who either could not or would not pay for admission to the enclosures, thronged the rails on the inner side of the course, all eager to get a glimpse, even a distant microscopic glimpse of His Royal Highness.

The latter arrived after the first race, driving in State up the course. His appearance was the signal for such an outburst of cheering and tumultuous shouts as comes only from full hearts and out of sincere joyfulness. The Prince was plainly moved by the warmth of the reception. He made ample return for it. He was not content to stay in the Royal box. From there he witnessed the second race. But, before the horses came out for the next race, he descended from the Royal box and, accompanied by His Excellency the Governor, walked along the whole length of the great crowd behind the inner rails. It was a humble crowd. Among these people there was no purple nor fine linen. Their lot in life compelled them to work hard for a meagre pittance, and the day's *tamasha* was of incomparable significance in the toilsome monotony of their lives. But none could have welcomed the Prince with more generosity of feeling. Every step made by the Prince was accompanied by a running crowd which shouted and cheered till every throat must have been hoarse. And the culminating point came when the Prince recrossed the race course and entered the second enclosure which rose as one man to do him honour, almost overwhelming him with their plaudits and pressing in their eagerness so hard upon him that a road was with difficulty cleared for his return to the Royal box.

Before leaving the race course, the Prince presented cups to the successful owners of the afternoon and visited the jockeys in their quarters. He left amid demonstrations of enthusiasm such as greeted his arrival, departing for Bombay from Kirkee station at seven o'clock that evening.

The arrival in Bombay on Sunday morning was private. The day was spent quietly—lunch with the President and members of the Orient Club, the first club of its kind founded in Bombay as a social meeting place for Europeans and Indians, a visit to the Seamen's Institute, which does such good work among seamen by providing them with entertainment when they are ashore, tea with the President and members of the Yacht Club and attendance at a short service in the Cathedral.

At noon on Monday a special session of the Bombay Legislative Council was held in the Durbar Hall at Government House and an address was presented to the Prince assuring him that he did not come among them as a stranger, for he had already made his name a household word among the peoples of India by the part he had played in the War and by his visits to many parts of the Empire. Thereafter a representative deputation of the Parsi community waited on His Royal Highness and presented him with an address.



Bombay illuminations: the Sailors' Home, the College of Science the Elphinstone College and the Rajabhai Tower.

Less important but more entertaining were the afternoon occurrences. First the Prince went to the Bombay Gymkhana for an hour to witness the final of the Quadrangular Cricket tournament between the Englishmen and the Parsis. Not only did the Prince visit all the grandstands during a pause in the play but, later, he crossed to the wicket to converse with the players. At the time, Hirst and Rhodes were batting. The former, after the Prince had shaken hands with him, offered his bat. The Prince took it, shaped for the ball, and the Parsi bowler sent down a couple of balls. The Prince missed the first, but he despatched the second neatly towards cover, to the vast delight of the spectators.

On the maidan near the cricket ground a military pageant was being held. This also the Prince visited, arriving a little before five o'clock. There was much to amuse and interest in the pageant. Preeminently there was the horsemanship of picked men from the 2nd. Lancers, the 20-29th Royal Deccan Horse and the 33-34th Cavalry. Ordinary tent-pegging they dismissed with contemptuous ease. They made it appear that a horse at full gallop is the most natural place in the world from which to pick up unconsidered trifles. They rode three and four abreast, supporting a horizontal bar between them on which a comrade whirled in gymnastic contortionism. They made

dancing floors of a few horses and heartily fox-trotted thereon. But the finest feat of all was that in which the men, going at full gallop, stooped low from their horses, seized a lance upon the ground and with it transfixed a peg fixed not fifteen yards from where the lance lay.

And there was the music hall "turn," the drama of the Scallywagzai. The illusion of a frontier country-side was created with lath and canvas. Scenic rocks strewed the arena. Beyond what he had to understand was a tortuous defile there stood the mud fort and castle of the Scallywagzais' chieftain. Only to the spectators was it known that every rock sheltered a horrid and hairy tribesman, caressing with his cheek a rifle probably looted from some murdered sentry. The cheerful caravan, apparently returning from some convivial festival or a successful week's trading, knows nothing of this. On through the apparently empty wilderness it goes rejoicing, right into the jaws of the Scallywagzais' stronghold—oxen, camels, goats and dogs. Miserable wretches! Too late they discover the hidden tribesmen. Too late they find that rocks spit fire. But the Scallywagzai make one blunder. They omit to kill or capture all. One man lives to tell the tale. Off he toddles and "pitches" it hot and strong to the nearest out-post. It is the beginning of the end. Up comes the outpost, and close on its heels a flying column. Bombardment (realistically mimiced with mortars, star shells and ground fires), infantry rushes and volleys, alarums and excursions, attacks and counter-attacks, and the whole thing culminates in a grand finale of infighting in which the Scallywagzai are compelled to lie down and take the count, give up the ghost, leave their chief's fortalice to fire and destruction and go to adorn a centurion's triumph in that halcyon land No On Nosware. Evidently excited to the last degree by the warlike scenes they had witnessed, the vast crowd broke into the ground and howled and cheered before the Prince on his departure. They made a sad mess of the torchlight tattoo with which the pageant ended. But rightly they felt that a torchlight tattoo was of small significance compared with the expression of loyal enthusiasm.

The Prince at Poona: Going to lay the foundation stone of the Shivaji Memorial.

At the Municipal Garden Party, Bombay.

Tuesday was the last day of the Bombay visit. There is little space for an account of the dignified ceremony which took place beneath the groined ceiling and the lofty Gothic arches of the University Convocation Hall when the Senate of the University contributed their quota in honour of the Prince, nor of the inspection of the ex-service-men and the police and the presentation of colours to the 7th Rajputs. But one must note, however briefly, the remarkable manner in which many of the students associated themselves with the tribute paid by their elders. They did this by attending the ceremony in the Hall in large numbers. More emphatically and formally they did it through two of their comrades who read Sanskrit *shlokas* and a Persian poem of welcome. From these one was able to realise to what dizzy altitudes of rhetoric, to what magnificence of poetic hyperbole the East can attain when it determines to do a guest honour. "O Glorious Prince" was a grovelling commonplace and even "will not the pond of lotuses rejoice at the sight of the lord of full moon night" was thin beer contrasted with the climax which compared the Prince to a lotus and those assembled to do him honour to lines of bees clinging stupefied to the flower. After that, it was pedestrian prose which proclaimed that "the drum of your virtues fame is everywhere heard."

And it seemed to be the barest truth. At night, in anticipation of the Prince's departure, deserted streets became alive with humanity. Nearly the whole of the residents of Bombay appeared to be converging on the main streets of the Fort. Surging crowds choked the principal thoroughfares so that there was scarcely room for a vehicle to pass. At Apollo Bunder and near Victoria Terminus a sea of eager faces stretched as far as the eye could reach. When the Prince, driving circuitously to the railway station to see the illuminations, reached the Bunder, there were demonstrations of enthusiasm which made the theory of the impassive Oriental look silly. The police were almost helpless. They could not keep back the crowds, which thrust themselves, relentlessly forward to get a closer glimpse of the Prince as he stood in his motor car waving his hat, infected perhaps a little by the excitement of those enthusiastic thousands and by the warmth of the send-off. Traffic regulations went by the board. The crowds had one intention—to get to the car and cheer. And simply, forcefully and purposively they fulfilled it. Hats, *pugris*, Gandhi caps, all came off to be waved wildly, deliriously in the air. Men and women of all classes and all communities helped in this wonderful send-off. The rich man in his car, the poor man in his rags, Hindus, Moslems, Parsis, Europeans—all joined in the final demonstrations of loyalty and affection. Slowly at a foot pace the car moved on. It stopped. It started again and it did the last hundred yards in the magnificent time of ten minutes.

A few farewells inside the station, the locomotives of the Royal train whistled, a final wave of the hand, and the slender boyish figure on which the life of Bombay had centred for five memorable days had disappeared from view, leaving behind him many thousands of new friends and carrying with him their good wishes for the arduous days he had before him.

CHAPTER II.

A VISIT TO THE GAEKWAD—INTO RAJPUTANA—THE CITY OF THE LAKES—UDAIPUR'S BEAUTY—THE MAYO COLLEGE, AJMERE—H. R. H. AND THE KUMARS—SPORT IN JODHPUR: THE PRINCE GOES PIG-STICKING—CAMELS!—BIKANIR'S WELCOME—FIRE AND SWORD DANCES—SHOOTING EXCURSION TO GUJNER—POLO HUMOURS AT BHARATPUR—A REMARKABLE PAGEANT.

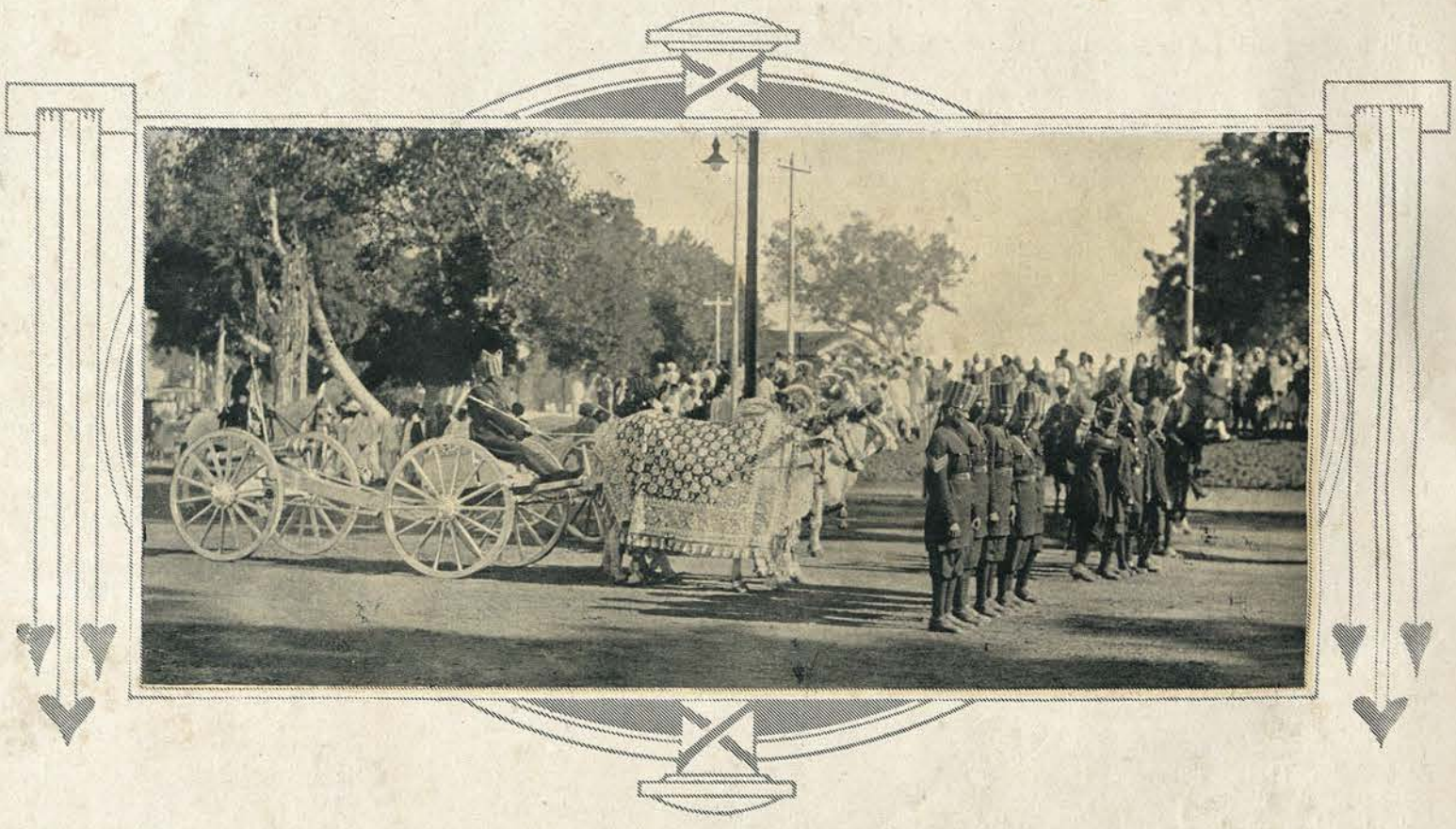
FROM November the 23rd to December the 8th the Prince enjoyed the hospitality of the chief Indian Princes in Western India. In this time he visited five Princes and paid a one day's visit to Ajmere which, although it is a city in British territory, derives a great part of its importance from the existence within its boundaries of the Mayo College, the chief educational centre for the Indian princely families.

The first of the States to be visited was Baroda. The journey thither from Bombay was made at night. During the journey there was noted a phenomenon with which the travellers were to become very familiar during the tour—the flambeaux of the watchmen by the side of the railway. As far as the eye could reach there were to be seen spear-points of light piercing the night until at the farthest limit of vision they fused into a faint radiance.

Baroda was reached on the morning of the 23rd. The weather was delightfully cool and fresh. The initial ceremonial of the Prince's visit was not heavy. It comprised merely a formal reception at the station and an exchange of civilities between H. R. H. and H. H. the Gaekwad. But on occasions like this, it is less the event than its setting that is significant. And in respect of the setting it was immediately evident to the observer that Baroda had resolved to prove itself worthy of the honour of being the first of the Native States to welcome His Royal Highness. The wealth of colour, the profuse display, the touch of barbaric splendour which one associates with the Orient, all these were exhibited in the setting for the reception of the Prince. The real authentic note of the East was struck by the paraded elephants, those survivals of an epoch when brainless magnificence of body walked the earth in lordly autocracy. Useless cumberers of the soil they are mostly, for before the power of machinery their great physical strength pales to insignificance. But when they are painted and bedizened, as were the Baroda elephants; when they are marvellously tricked out in cloth of gold with sparkling anklets of silver round the great girth of their limbs; when they are surmounted with howdas gilded like the most magnificent royal throne, and are controlled by mahouts who are all beard and glittering ornament; then one realises that the elephant was created in the jungle to adorn an Eastern triumph. Before the splendour of the elephants, the glitter of the silver and gold guns—who but an Eastern potentate would have thought of moulding his guns in the metals of display and commerce?—and the gaudy caparison of the *jilibs* shrank into comparative obscurity.

The rest of the background for His Royal Highness' visit was filled in by the populace of the city. It is a city of considerable distances, for much of the old town is being rapidly replaced by buildings planned on the latest townplanning principles. They are spaced, these buildings, at wide intervals, to allow for the maximum of light and air and intervening garden spaces. The streets are long, but their length is made pleasant by the plenteous verdure and the open squares. They have, however, the disadvantage on occasions of a great *tamasha* that the close congregation of a big crowd is not obtained, and there is absent also the mass enthusiasm which such congregation begets within itself. Not that the welcome accorded to His Royal Highness was inadequate. It was entirely adequate. But except for a few distinctive points of vantage, where either better opportunities of seeing what was toward or formal stage management had collected considerable crowds which reacted enthusiastically to the Prince's passing, there was an absence of that tumultuous cheering and applause which accompanied the Prince's journeyings in Poona and Bombay.

The Prince lunched at the Residency. In the evening he attended a garden party which was chiefly remarkable for the variety of the entertainment provided. There was in the grounds material for

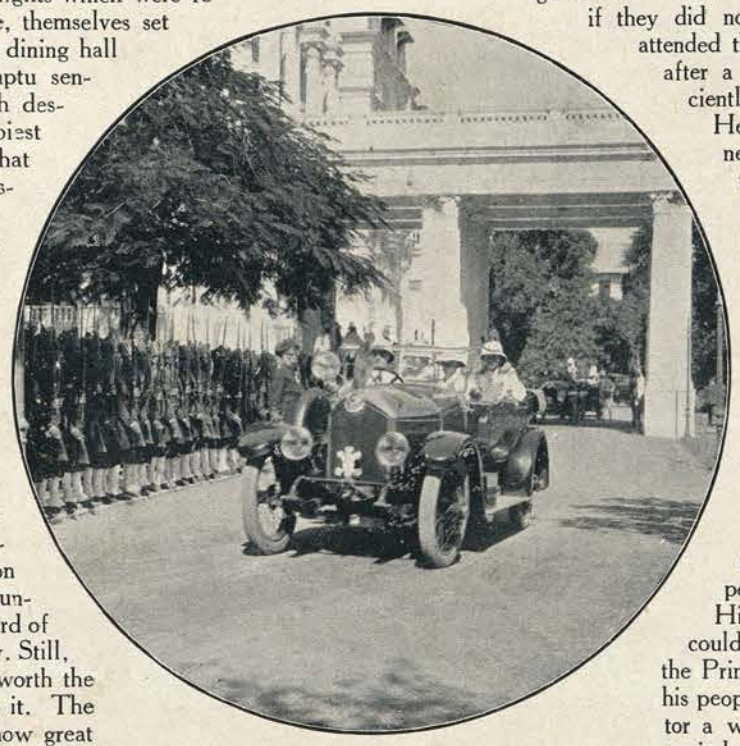


H. H. the Gaekwad of Baroda's Gold and Silver Guns.

H. H. THE MAHARAJA GAEKWAD OF BARODA,
G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

His Highness the Gaekwad was the first of the Indian Princes to entertain the Prince of Wales. Although the visit lasted only for a day and a half, the entertainment was most lavish. It included a cheetah hunt.

complete West End vaudeville show—acrobats and strong men, singing and dancing girls, a little comedy performed to illustrate Kathiawar domestic life, exceedingly clever performing birds and, above all, Indian instrumental music of which the Gaekwad is the chief among Indian patrons. The Prince stayed for about an hour enjoying vastly all the entertainments. In the evening there was a State banquet in the wonderfully beautiful banqueting hall of the Luxmi Vilas Palace whose beauty was enhanced, were that possible, by the coloured and changing lights which were reflected in the massive blocks of ice, themselves set among greenery, designed to keep the dining hall cool. The Prince in a few impromptu sentences added to his banquet speech described the evening as one of the happiest in his life because he had just heard that his sister was engaged to marry Viscount Lascelles.



The Guard of Honour at the Gaekwad's Palace.

The departure for Udaipur was timed for half past two on the following afternoon. With a day broken into by the necessity of travelling there is little time or opportunity for enjoyment. Nevertheless, before His Royal Highness left Baroda, he was given a chance of seeing something of that typically princely sport of India, the cheetah hunt. It is not a sport that finds general commendation. Perhaps unreasonably, one detects in it a suspicion of cruelty, the deliberate and stealthy unloosing of a beast of prey among a herd of deer offending one's sense of humanity. Still, such as the sport is, it is probably worth the necessary trouble to go and witness it. The morning's proceedings gave an idea how great that trouble may become. The first of the preliminaries is certainly no hardship, for a motor drive of a dozen miles through the crystal cool air of an Indian cold weather morning is a tonic to be welcomed with gusto. His Royal Highness, by the way, rode out to the meet. Arrived there, we transferred to tongas or, in some cases, to the carts, five in number, on which the five cheetahs were tethered, with watchful keepers beside them. Beautiful animals, one could not but admit, with little hint in the dreamy softness and the direct glance of their eyes of the savagery and even treachery of which they are capable. I had, perforce, to sit by one of them. He did not, I regret to say, altogether like me, and attempted to curdle my blood by making fearsome noises in his throat. His only other active demonstration was a continual switching of his tail, with which he tickled my nose as often as I omitted to take care to dodge him.

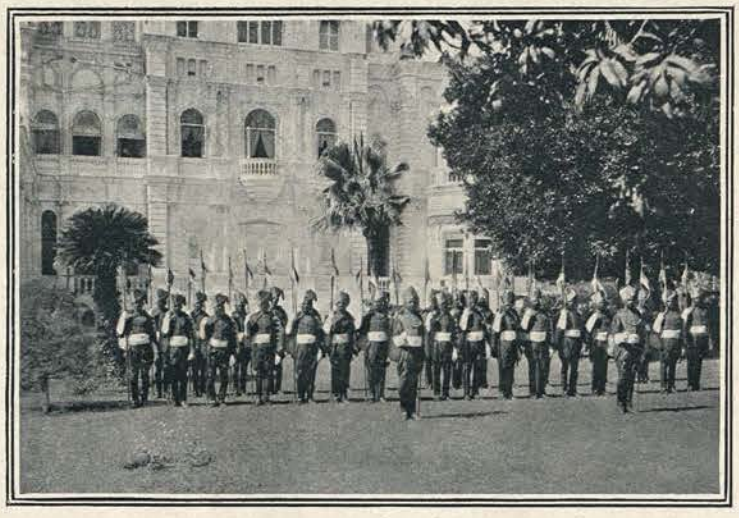
Buck were sighted in the distance, and off we went in their direction over fallow and cultivated land, through tall grass and over bare waste ground. At times there was the vestige of a pathway, but even that was mostly holes, and the rest, where the pathway failed, was like the upshot of a miniature earthquake. Driving bullocks in such conditions becomes one of the fine arts. Riding behind them becomes one of the more refined tortures. The bullocks do not seem to mind tumbling into a hole and dragging the cart with them. They climb out with grave unconcern and without as much as an apology. If oneself has not in the process fallen off the cart, one resumes the posture which has been dislocated and prepares in prayer for the next adventure. This species of cup and ball travel endured for at least three-quarters of an hour, by which time two or three miles of country had been zig-zagged over. Every now and again we would sight small herds of deer feeding, but always before we could get near enough to let loose the cheetah they moved off rapidly.

An ancient shikari could contain himself no longer. If we wanted a kill, he more or less said, how in the name of all that is wonderful could we expect it if we brought with us five bullock carts and five cheetahs, several tongas and a score or more of human beings, the buck's hereditary foe. Let the Prince take a friend and go on with one of the cheetahs and he was a Dutchman if they did not have better luck than had so far attended them. This was accordingly done and after a little, the cheetah was brought sufficiently near to a largish herd to loose him. He killed one doe, and His Royal Highness, who had taken the precaution of taking a rifle with him in case of the possibility of more legitimate sport, brought down a buck with a fairly long shot.

It was mid-day before we returned to the city, where His Royal Highness bade farewell to Baroda's chief citizens at a luncheon.

Some hours by rail from Baroda is Rutlam. This is a fortunate accident. It was found impossible when arranging the programme of the tour to include a prolonged and formal visit to the Maharaja. But the Royal train, on its journey to Udaipur, stopped for a couple of hours at Rutlam and His Highness the Maharaja did what he could in that time for the entertainment of the Prince. He decorated the railway station; his people turned out to accord the Royal visitor a welcome; he lavishly illuminated the capital; and he entertained the Prince at an informal banquet.

Soon after ten o'clock the journey to Udaipur was resumed and the capital of the oldest of the Rajput States was reached the following morning. News had come to the Prince that the Maharaja was ill in bed which compelled the cancellation of those customary grave and picturesque ceremonies that enhance the greeting given to a Royal visitor. But though His Highness was unable to be present in person at the railway station, there lacked little of pomp and circumstance in the welcome accorded to the Prince. The little station was gay with bunting. A guard of honour of picked men from the State infantry stood to attention behind their colours, and near the station exit was grouped a number of the Rajput nobles of the State, bearing, some of them, bucklers on which was blazoned a golden sun, proclaiming descent from the *Suryabansi* (the Sun stock), the royal dynasty of Oudh.



Baroda Lancers at the Old Palace.

Outside the station the Royal carriage waited and beyond it were paraded the State cavalry, which formed the escort. But far more attractive as a spectacle were the mounted escorts of the nobles, which formed picturesque groups at intervals on the roads. Wild looking fellows they were, their arms and their accoutrements the same as those wielded by the clansmen who repelled the invaders centuries ago. And they had music with them—reedy flutes which skirled incessantly and *jilibs* from which came the peculiar throbbing roll of the Rajput salute. Elephants and camels contributed their quota to a picture which was completed by the wiry Bhil infantry, who bore their ill-fitting red coats and their ammunition boots as if they were an intolerable burden and displayed the meagrest possible interest in the angle at which a musket ought to be held in the salute.

TB. L. 63

THE PRINCE IN INDIA.

On alighting from the train, the Prince was received by the Resident and the Maharaj Kumar. The guard of honour was inspected and, after due respect had been paid to the necessary formalities, the Prince moved off in procession towards the Residency.

The route from the railway station, which is some miles from the city, passes through typical Mewar country. Steep and rugged hills, the nakedness of whose sandstone is barely covered by a scanty scrub, enclose the view. Beneath them is broken, very broken, ground. Its face is scarred with pits and nullahs. Clumps of prickly pear and cactus appear in profusion. At capricious intervals the ground heaves uneasily and is piled up in miniature kopjes. On viewing such a terrain, we realised one at least of the reasons why the might of the Moghul Emperors failed to subdue the clansmen of Mewar, and dimly we seem to see the vast army blundering without direction about these rocky fastnesses, the ready prey of the hordes of light armed troops propelling missiles from indistinguishable ambushes and inaccessible crags.

On entering the city itself we seemed to have attained the usual agglomeration of miserable houses and narrow streets, the air reeking with the mingled smells of koprous fuel and joss sticks. But when we had progressed farther and come beyond the forum and the market place, crowded in the Prince's honour by the whole of the city's populace, the route rose sharply and shook off the mean foulness of poverty-stricken habitation. From a narrow hill-encompassed road we passed into a valley, and as we drove along it one of the most charming prospects that the whole of India has to offer was unfolded before the eyes. At a lower level there stretched to the bases of the far hills a beautiful verdant valley. Its freshness appealed with greater force from the wild and arid land we had just left. Yet it is not the hills, nor the trees; it is not the undulating valleys, nor the historic and beautiful buildings which confer on Udaipur its chief and abiding charm. It is the great sheets of water, the lakes wherein art has magnified and beautified nature, blue and sparkling in the sun, studded with islands, and bordered with rows of gardens. Almost unique in the country, these lakes are an object of pilgrimage to every traveller visiting India. They must abide in his memory, among his visions of a sun parched land, with the same associations of beauty and freshness as Elam held for the weary Israelites travelling through the wilderness out of their bondage.

The Water Picnic at Udaipur: The Prince steps ashore on Jagmandir.

The beauty of the lakes and their surroundings was fully explored. For, after His Highness the Maharaja, somewhat restored in health, had paid a call on the Prince, the latter went out on the Pichola Lake, the larger of the two main lakes, on a water picnic. He travelled by motor boat from the northern extremity of the lake. The journey was one of incomparable loveliness. Trees and gardens on the west side; buildings over against them which, however they may look at close quarters, gain from distance and the sunlight at least the semblance of beauty. In unbroken line they rise gradually, to culminate in the vast and imposing pile of the Maharaja's Palace.

Built of granite and marble, the palace stands upon the crest of a ridge running along the margin of the Lake and towers at least a hundred feet above the ground. From the Lake, one may discern the terraces which lead, one from another by flights of steps up to the palace courtyard. Beyond the Palace the buildings are few and finally give way altogether before the jungle. At places, where the Lake narrows almost to a meeting point, the water is spanned by the pretty arches of ornamental bridges. And every now and again there rise out of the water little islands, each a beautiful sylvan retreat, each crowned with palace or pavilion of glittering white stone.

One of these is called Jagmandir and it was hither that the boats of the picnickers were steered. It was here they landed, to find a hospitable meal prepared. How many of them as they landed at the edge of the paved courtyard and paced its worn and stained flagstones recalled that it was this domed pavilion which sheltered Prince Khurram—later Shah Jehan—when he fled in revolt against his father? Or, to come to a later century, was it remembered that when the regiment at Neemuch mutinied in '57, the European ladies found refuge and hospitality here?

By the time that tea was finished, the sun was near its setting. There was still one thing to do before the light failed. So no time was lost in crossing the lake to its southern end where stands, high upon the tree-covered banks, Odi-khas, built by the late Maharaja to serve as a shooting box. Here was seen a strange sight. Hundreds of wild pigs, attracted by the peculiar call of a shikari, came rushing from the depths of the jungle right to the foot of the rocky scarp on which Odi-khas stands. Bags and baskets full of grain were emptied upon the rocks. With grunts and squeals, savagely opposing any neighbour which seemed to be making for a particularly succulent spot, the hogs greedily made their evening meal. In the spectacle, some of the guests detected an epitome of the world of man. For, among the hogs, the large, the powerful and the cunning had the fattest meal at the most plentiful deposits of grain, their weaker brethren having to be content with foraging on the outskirts.

In the evening a banquet was given at the palace. To this the Prince came in the old, the noble, the princely way of Udaipur. Down the lake in a barge, so to the postern gate of the palace by the water's edge, then into a beautifully upholstered palanquin in which, escorted by the nobles of the State, with flaming torches before, behind, on either side, he was borne up the steep winding stairways of stone, threaded the arching gateways and came at last to the inner courtyard of the palace. The sequel, one felt, ought to have been a repast such as the Saxon Thanes loved—boar's head, barons of beef, monster capons, flagons of ale and great stoups of mulled wine, with cressets blazing raggedly on the walls, the barking of the hounds without and the hungry waiting scullions within. But the repast was urbane, Parisian, right from the turtle soup to the ice pudding, from sherry to port.

The Maharaja did not appear till the end of dinner. Then he came into the banqueting hall attended by his ministers and the chief sirdars in time for "The King" and to propose the health of His Royal Highness. This he did—he speaks no English—by proxy of his Chief Minister, who read a simple and dignified speech. After dinner, the Prince and the other guests all repaired to one of the wide balconies of the palace and therefrom watched a display of fireworks and illuminations. Illuminations savour of the commonplace—Earlscourt and Broadway. But not at Udaipur. The Lakes save them from the banal. Each one of the buildings on the islands was limned in light. Every dome, every cupola, every tower, every projecting wall and buttress was picked out in flaming outline against the violet, star-gemmed sky. Nor was it the fixed glare of electricity which lit the sky, but the soft twinkling glow of oil-burning fairy lamps. And the reflected glow of the lamps stabbed deep into the Lake's inky depths, lighting up the ripples and the tiny waves, and drawn out in refraction, till the outline of the building above, grotesquely lengthened, faded softly in dancing points of light. Above it all the fire-works blazed and stuttered, and it was with reluctance that the guests, after the last rocket had rent the skies and the last giant Catherine wheels had swung themselves to fiery extinction, took their leave of this glowing fairyland to exchange it for mundane sleeping quarters.

The programme for Saturday was mute. So the Prince rode in the early morning and after breakfast went out after snipe. With a gun and four others similarly equipped he tramped miles over the rugged Mewar country. But there seemed to be an entire and inexplicable lack of the nourishing bird—he must be a wily fellow

with a beak like that. Still, the tenacity and endurance of the shooting party did not go unrewarded. There were five guns: the "bag" was two couple.

Among other things to be found at Udaipur, one could obtain material for an essay on the proselytising energy of the Christian Churches. For missionary zeal has pentrated even into these fastnesses and "on this rock" has built a church. Hither the Prince went on Sunday to attend a short service. In the evening he departed. But before the hour of leaving, the Maharaja, in accordance with the time-honoured custom of Udaipur, sent the Prince Mahadershad—puja offerings. It is a pretty custom and the Prince was delighted to receive the presents.

Some two thousand feet above sea level is Ajmere, the tiny enclave of British territory set in the midst of the princely States of Rajputana. There it was that the Prince arrived on the morning of November 28. There it was that he learned that the cold weather of the tropics may be something more robust and biting than a tepid air bath. So chilly was the morning to the blood of travellers fresh from the heat of the plains and the warm coolness of Udaipur that overcoats were a grateful accessory and the complete glory of full dress British uniforms seemed the reasonable and the comfortable wear.

Ajmer repays exploration. As it happened, however, the Prince spent only a single day within it, a day so filled with functions that there remained opportunity for only a fleeting glimpse of the city where modern industrialism impinges on the spectacular leisureliness handed down by the Moghuls. Still, there was time to note the city's admirable situation, nestling in a cup of the hills whose outlying escarpments, well wooded for the most part, afford excellent sites for bungalows, the orderly plan of its building, and the plentiful verdure of trees and shrubs.

The first function of the day, namely, the reception of the ruling princes of Rajputana by His Royal Highness and the presentation of the municipal address, took place at the Bara Dari. No more fitting place could have been chosen. The Bara Dari is a relic of the heroic days of Indian history. Built by Jehangir as a summer house, it stands upon the embankment of the famous Ana Sagar. A glorious prospect across this lake to the brown hills beyond must have been afforded. But now its waters are dry—at least there was no water on the day of the Prince's visit—and on the alluvial soil the husbandman pursues his laborious task with placid oxen and reaps a plentiful harvest.

The Bara Dari itself is a fine marble structure—wide marble terrace, four elegant pavilions which are pillar and cupola. In one of these was gathered the flower of the Rajput chiefs, gorgeous in their princely costumes, and, in a farther pavilion, the city's representatives. Significant if inadvertent contrast: the descendants of an autocratic feudalism fronted by the pioneers of India's democratic era!

Shortly after nine o'clock, the Prince drove up in State, and having inspected, to the pianissimo strains of "Land of Hope and Glory," the guard of honour, he proceeded to the first of the occupied pavilions where the chiefs were presented to him. He spent some time in conversation with them before crossing the terrace to the farther pavilion where he listened to the reading of the municipal address.

Barely an hour had elapsed after lunch when the Prince was up and doing again. He motored to the camp of the Ajmere pensioners and ex-service-men who, some five hundred strong, had paraded for inspection. All were veterans and bore on their persons the marks of long and arduous service; not a few were disabled; and most wore tributes to their gallantry in the medals and decorations which covered their breasts. As is the way with the Prince, the inspection was complete and painstaking. He had his reward in the ovation he received when he left the pensioners' camp for the Mayo College.

At the Baradari, Ajmere.

Aptly styled the "Eton of India," the Mayo College imparts education to the sons and relatives of India's princely and noble families. Although, as schools and colleges go, it is young in years, it has yet in the half century of its existence built up a tradition of which many older schools might be proud. "Manners," said John of Wykeham, "makyth man," and it has ever been the aim of the College to translate that aphorism into practice—with what excellent results its products bear witness in many places in India.

The purpose of the Prince's visit was to present the special and class prizes to the successful pupils. His Royal Highness, on arriving by car at the gates of the college, was met by a mounted escort of the Kumars. He was received at the doorway of the

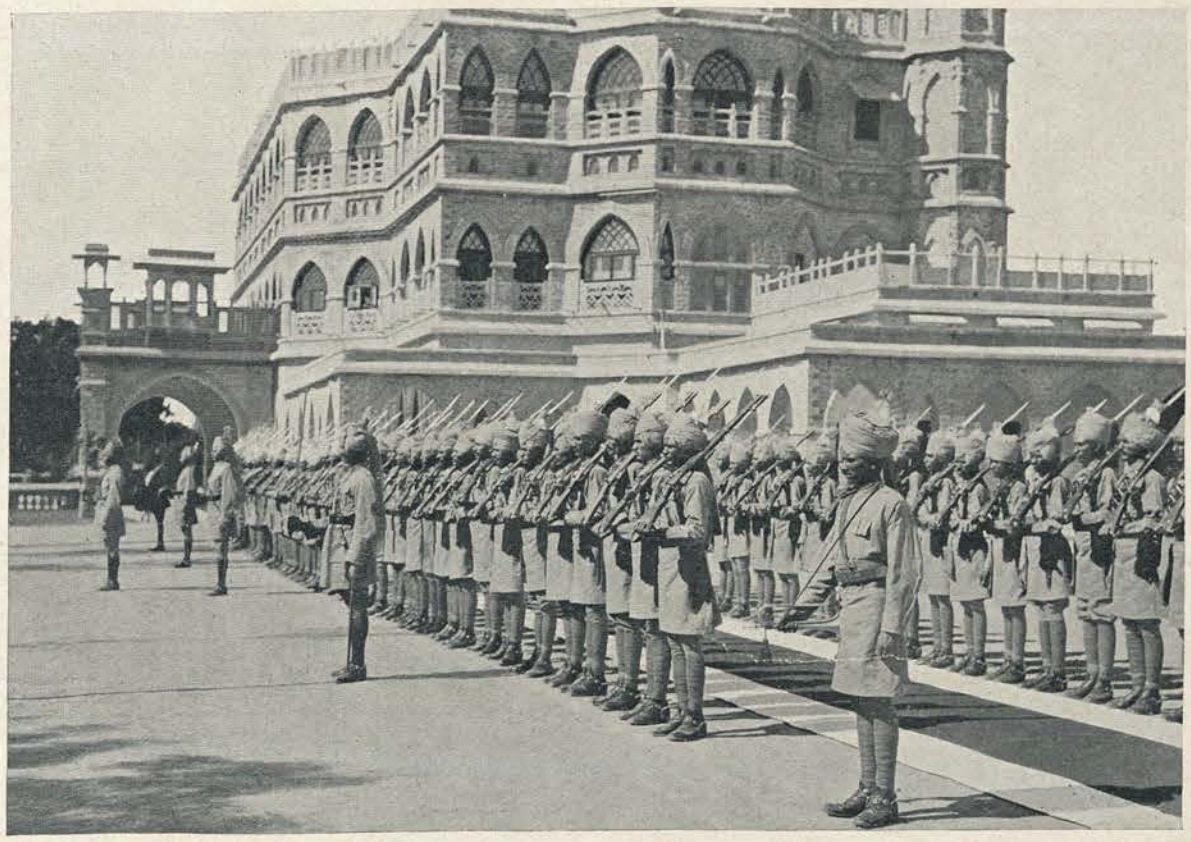
great hall by the Principal and the college staff, by whom he was conducted to his seat, a silver chair posed on a platform at the end of the hall. Round him were seated the Kumars. The Principal, in a short address, outlined the history of the college, reviewed the history of the year which had just closed, expressed the hopes of the college for the future and concluded by tendering to Their Majesties the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress the devoted homage and loyalty of the staff and the students. The prizes were then presented, the students filing past the Prince, each, as his name was called, receiving their prizes with smart military salutes.

An inspection of the buildings followed, after which the whole of the guests made their way into the delightful gardens of the college where a garden party was held. Before tea was served the Prince shook hands with all the guests. Many of these were interested, as was indeed the Prince himself, in an antiquated railway carriage which was on exhibition. It was the carriage in which the Prince's grandfather, Edward the Peace-Maker, travelled in India during his tour of the country in 1876. Accustomed as we are to electric fans and electric lights and comfortable floor space, even on the narrow gauge lines, we do not realise how many hardships our forebears had to contend with on their travels. If a Royal Prince could command no greater luxury than that afforded by this ancient carriage, one shudders to think of the conditions which the second and third class passengers of those days had to suffer and endure.

The day was brought to an end with a quiet dinner party at the Residency, whence the Prince drove to the railway station through the illuminated streets, departing for Jodhpur at eleven o'clock.

The Prince arrived in Jodhpur in the early morning of November 29. It is perhaps an exaggeration to say that Jodhpur owes its fame to a pair of nether-garments. And yet, for every one who has heard of the Jodhpur Fort, the Jodhpur Lancers, or the bristly Jodhpur hog, at least ten have heard of, even if they have never seen or worn, Jodhpur breeches. But, like most short cuts in advertisement, the breeches' wide fame does not do justice to the real merits of Jodhpur, tends, indeed, to obscure them. Originally endowed with no greater advantages than the other States of Rajputana, industry, foresight and imagination have developed its waste tracts and its poor soil, have sown the outskirts of the capital with fine buildings and have given it excellent public works, to such good effect that the State's revenue within the twenty years of the present century has been more than doubled.

The signs of this prosperity are on every hand and must have been observed with approval by His Royal Highness as he drove in procession from the railway station to the Ratanada Palace, which housed him during his three days' visit. Nor could he have failed to note that the sanitary engineer need not destroy picturesqueness, a boon which Nature gives lightly but which may as lightly go.



The famous Jodhpur Lancers.

And Jodhpur, with its fine buildings of rich red sandstone, its miniature lakes, its seven-gated wall and its glittering temples, is one of the most picturesque towns in India.

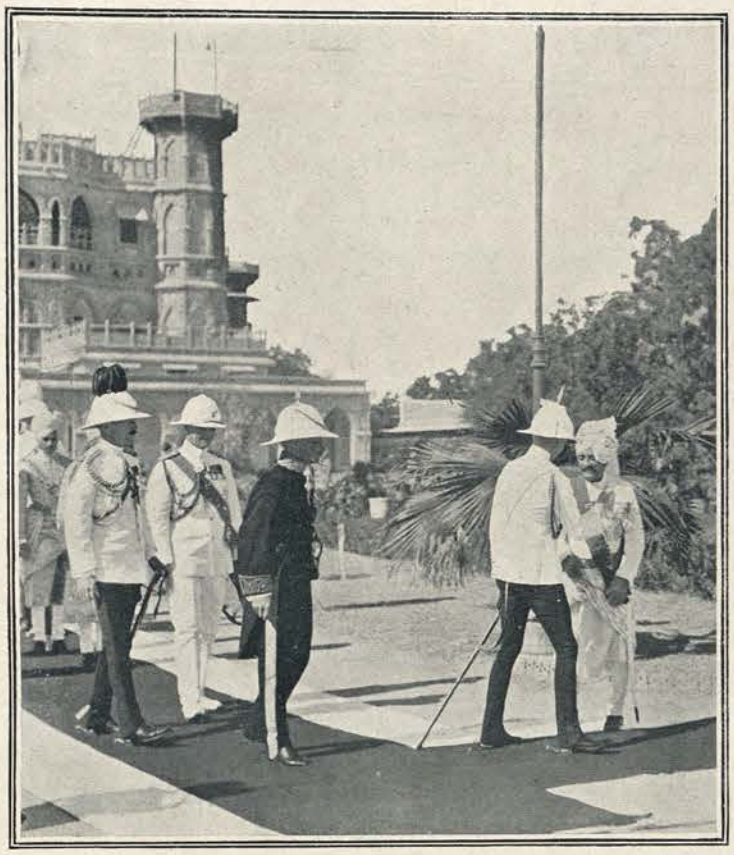
But that which in Jodhpur primarily strikes the observer and chains his imagination is the Fort, which stands in great magnificence on a huge isolated rock, dominating the city. Like many another stronghold in India, the Fort has a grim and enthralling history. But the gallant exploits which its bastions have witnessed pale before the initial sacrificial scene at its birth, when a man was interred alive in its foundations as an invocation for good fortune to its defenders and as surety of its impregnability. They did things in the grand manner these old Rajputs. Nowadays we content ourselves with immuring a few coins in a bottle.

The customary interchange of ceremonial visits was the chief, if not the only item of interest on the day of arrival. The number and intricacy of these were increased by the fact that His Highness

the Maharaja is a minor, the Regent being that veteran administrator and soldier Sir Pertap Singh. Each had to send deputations to inquire after the Prince's health—the ceremony known as *Misaj Pursi;* each paid a call on him in person; to each the call was returned. They were dignified and impressive these ceremonies. And the pageantry which attended them! The glorious hues of the ruling family's ceremonial costumes and those of their attendant nobles, the coats of brocade, the purples, the pinks, pale orange to deep rose, the blues, turquoise to peacock, of the scarves and the *pugris*, and the gem-encrusted swords, some in green, others in orange, and others in crimson scabbards, combined to make a memorably brilliant scene.

Yet beautiful and striking as these ceremonies were, one soon came back to the initial impression of Jodhpur as summed up in the Jodhpur breeches. Jodhpur is equestrian. The horse is as much part and parcel of the Jodhpur Rajput's life as is "parritch" of a Scotsman's. It must, one feels, have been in Jodhpur that the legend of the Centaurs arose in the beginning of things, for the Jodhpuri sits a horse as if he had been born on it. Even the peasant, returning from the day's work in the fields, is astride a wiry pony and furnishes a picture of easy dignity and grace.

Of a piece with this equestrianism, an extension of it, indeed, is the sport of pigsticking. In Jodhpur it flourishes as nowhere else in India and on the second morning of his visit to the State the Prince had his first taste of the sport. One might have guessed on the first night that something of transcending significance was to happen on the morrow. One by one the inhabitants of the Royal Camp stole off to bed at an hour when most of them are just settling down to the second rubber. And early on the following morning, long before the dawn, the rumble of cars in motion and the "honk" of motor horns invaded one's slumbers. They were a timely signal. There was a general rubbing of sleep from the eyes, hasty toilettes and as hurried meals, and before six o'clock, all who had decided either to participate in the sport or to witness it had left the camp.



The Prince Greets Sir Pertap Singh, the Maharaja-Regent of Jodhpur.

It was still dark when we arrived at the place of the "meet." With hesitation we groped our way—those of us, that is, who were not to kill but were merely to be accessories before the fact—to the *shikar kotris,* the square flat-topped towers which serve the double purpose of extensive vision and protection against stray hogs in a temper. The "spears," in five parties of four, moved off just as the first blush of the sky proclaimed the rising sun. In the half light there was revealed in front of the towers undulating broken ground, covered with sparse scrub, great boulders, and trees widely scattered. The whole terrain was scarred with nullahs deep and shallow and patches of it were pitted with holes.

Parade of Elephants at Bikaner.

For the greater part of the time the party of horsemen were not visible to the onlookers, being concealed by the trees or plunged in the nullahs. But the rhythmic "clip-clop" of the trotting horses borne on the early morning breeze was easily audible. Soon it changed to the quicker rhythm of a gallop. A party appeared. They plunged into a nullah and were lost to view. But a minute or two later there was borne back to us a piercing and long-drawn squeal, telling that a pig had been ridden down and speared. This, we later learned, was the Prince's first.

Other parties appeared from time to time, galloping hard, and once we saw a pig half a mile off, running with terror-stricken speed before the hunters. But we got no more clues to a kill, though there were several, and the Prince's second pig was speared out of the view and the hearing of the spectators. Nor did any pig have the good sense to choose the carefully cleared ground in front of the *kotris* for his death-bed. Those about to die did not salute us. And not even the charmingly expressed intention of a young lady to catch a pig and lead it on a string to the Prince for killing drew one forth from the jungle.

In the same equestrian tradition was the review of troops in the afternoon. "Troops" in Jodhpur means lancers. And the lancers know not only how to ride but also how to fight. Let Haifa in Palestine bear witness, Haifa which, though protected by earthworks and artillery, they captured at the gallop, taking nine guns, a large number of machine-guns and 1,200 prisoners.

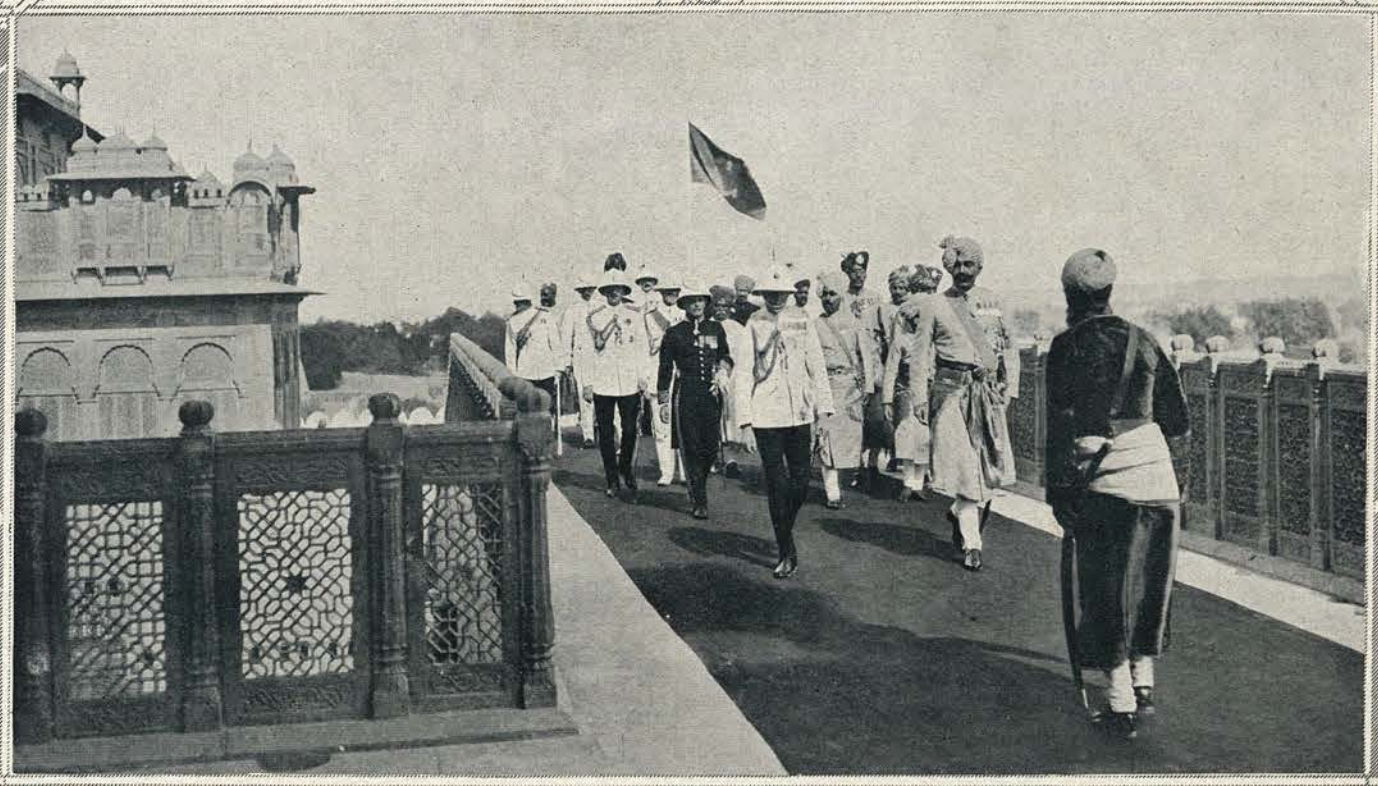
The lancers paraded for review twelve hundred strong under the command of the Maharaja. In review order they marched before the Prince. Wheeling at the top of the parade ground, they came past again at the trot and then, reforming, they thundered past. almost indistinguishable among the rising clouds of dust stirred up by the horses' hoofs, in a magnificent cavalry charge. The parade concluded with a rally at the gallop to a point just short of where the Prince sat on his horse. From the splendid and reckless dash of the regiment one understood the point of the retort made by Sir Pertap Singh when asked once by a lady in London whether he could ride.

"Madam," replied the veteran, "I am a Rajput."

In all the Native States visited by the Prince there were State banquets. That at Jodhpur was held in a gigantic canvas pavilion which needs several hundred men and some days to pitch. It is a historic pavilion. It is, like so much in India where "thine" to-day was "thy neighbour's" to-morrow, loot, Jodhpur having achieved its possession at the sack of Ahmedabad. It is a noble relic, nobly preserved and nobly adorned. Few formal banqueting halls could have bettered it as a setting for a meal.

Much enamoured of his first experience of pig-sticking, the Prince went out again after pig on the morning of the last day of the visit. Other haunts of the wild hog than those attempted the previous day were sought out, haunts which usually yield much quarry to the hunter. On the second occasion, however, in spite of religiously early rising, thorough preparation and assiduous beating, the bag was a thin one, only three pigs being killed. None fell to the spear of the Prince who, thoroughout a strenuous three hours, was dogged by ill-luck. Polo in the afternoon, when the Maharaja was "at home" to numerous guests, brought the visit to an end.

There is little that is not commonplace to be written about a



ON THE WAY TO THE BIKANER DURBAR.

GOING OUT TO THE DANCE: THE BIKANER DANCING GIRLS.

MAJOR-GENERAL H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANER, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

His Highness the Maharaja is well-known throughout India for his abilities as an administrator and as a public speaker, nor will the services of his famous Camel Corps in the War be readily forgotten. His State, which is the second largest in Rajputana, offered to the Prince of Wales during his visit there in December some of the best small game shooting in India.

railway journey. Let, however, the journey be over a desert and one may open the diapason stop of dust and desolation and death. The railway from Jodhpur to Bikaner lies across a desert, that desert to which the people centuries ago gave the name "the region of death." It is well named. There is death everywhere. Even the stunted scrub is half-alive. And it is a creeping death. The traveller may seek to foil its insidious approach by shutting the windows, closing the shutters, fastening the insect screens. His triple barring will avail him nothing. In the morning—if he travel by night—he will awake with his throat and his nostrils filled with dust and the interior of his carriage neatly painted dun-colour with a half-inch layer of sand.

Bikaner is an oasis in the wilderness. That is one fact. The Bikaner Camel Corps is another fact. It is more—it was the dominant note in the welcome accorded to the Prince by the State. Other States may equal Bikaner in respect of the attractiveness of the capital city. Other States may excel it—though this is

By the fountain basin: the Bikaner dancing girls.

doubtful—in the chivalry of their traditions, in the picturesqueness of their history, in the valour of their troops, in the horsemanship of their inhabitants. But none can show as fine, as curious, as fascinating a picture as a parade of the famous Bikaner Camel Corps furnishes. It is obvious that the Maharaja is proud (and justly proud) of his camel corps—he wore its uniform when he met the Prince at the railway station. Indeed it is a becoming dress. White buckskin breeches and the palest of cream tunics braided with gold are set off by scarlet pugris with crests of silver. The troopers—ought one to call them cameliers?—carry short rifles and also swords, but the roomy backs of their mounts provide room for a whole armoury—machine-guns, a dozen or so grenades and, provided it is not the last straw and will not break the camels' back, for a not too heavy field gun.

As to the camels themselves, one writes with diffidence. There is nothing in the world quite like the superior remoteness of the camel's expression. If a man could write as the camel looks, his reputation as a satirist and misanthrope would far transcend that of Lucian, Juvenal and Swift all rolled into one. Cynicism, which comes from final, exhaustive and disillusioning experience, is perfectly summed up in the curl of the camel's lip and the glint of his eye. How should it not be so? Is it not he and he alone who knoweth the hundredth name of God?

But for all their airs of conscious superiority, the camels behaved on the day of the Prince's arrival with as fine an appreciation of the greatness of the occasion as could the Household Cavalry. And if their splay feet, the sprawl which characterises their attitude of repose, and the humps and lumps which mar their bodies' outline deny them physical grace, at least they achieve a certain massive stateliness when they solemnly trot as a Prince's escort in a triumphal procession.

With equal stateliness they took part in the review of the State troops which was held by the Prince in the afternoon. Drawn up in double line on the parade ground, they extended for at least quarter of a mile, monstrous against the skyline. And when they came to march past, they provided an unimagionably fine spectacle. They kept perfect rhythm to the music of the band. Their crimson trappings nodded to each forward lurch in absolute unison, and the swaying troopers, mounted atip of the topmost hump, attempting to accommodate the motion of their mounts to the exigencies of a Royal salute, had the mesmeric and entrancing effect of nodding mandarins. To witness an infantry march past after the stately stalking of these gaunt beasts was something of an anti-climax. Yet it must be mentioned that the corps of light infantry—they wore *real* uniforms, tunics of red and yellow, pale blue trousers and dazzling gaiters—marched past with the swing and precision of a Guards battalion.

The banquet at Bikaner had something of the same romantic quality as that at Udaipur. It was held in an old palace within the massive walls of the Fort and the guests had to ascend almost to the topmost ramparts before they attained the banqueting hall. Spread

Bharatpur Duckshoot: Guests and the "Bag."

below was the whole prospect of the city, dim in the moonlight, jewelled necklaces hung in the sky telling where some public building or residence of wealth had conquered the darkness with its illuminations.

After the banquet we saw how man can make for himself many inventions. In the midst of one of the outer courtyards of the palace there glowed a great heap of red-hot cinders. Now and again little flames darted up. Round the heap squatted a dozen hairy fakirs nearly naked, and near them, montonously chanting and whanging *sitars* and *jilibs*, was a band of musicians. The Prince entered the courtyard and approached the fire. The chanting grew in volume and speed, the *sitars* whined and the *jilibs* throbbed more loudly, and the fakirs, leaping to their feet, began a mad Dervish dance round and over and through the heap of glowing cinders. In an ecstasy of abandonment, they whirled ever quicker and quicker and splashed more riotously among the cinders. Insensible to pain, they vied with each other in their power of kicking the fiery fragments and many, gifted with pre-eminent virtuosity, seized cinders with their hands and clutched them with their teeth as if they were succulent morsels to be lovingly and lingeringly masticated. It seemed that they would go on for ever, or at least until their fiery toys blackened to ashes. But a halt was called and a few of them, having put on their saffron robes, were brought to the Prince, grinning as broadly and chattering as fast as if ordeal by fire were one of the pleasures of the blessed.

Bharatpur Elephants, gold and silver-clad.

Scarcely less sensational was the entertainment provided in an upper courtyard of the palace. The lighting of the courtyard, a medley of red, lemon yellow, amber, deep violet, peacock blue and heliotrope induced that sense of awe proper to the imminence of great works, and the awe was heightened by the presence on the floor of a faggot of steel spear-points and a box in which several keen sword blades were set on edge. On these, we were told, a man was to dance. A man did dance, gingerly and with great economy of motion. But there was no mistake about the dancing. He shuffled and moved about on his lethal dancing floors with magnificently affected unconcern (the sweat on his brow betrayed him!). His feet were bare and how he avoided lacerating them to ribbons passes one's wit to detect. Perhaps the swords were not as sharp as they make 'em. Perhaps the gentleman had the skin of a rhinoceros.

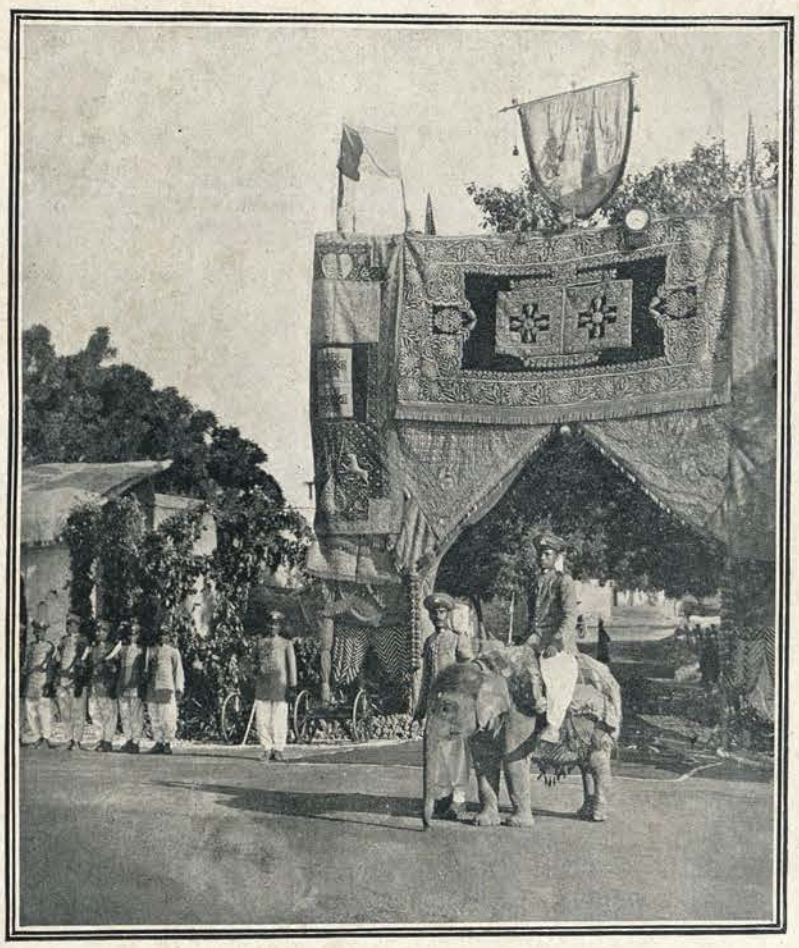
Less sensational but more pleasing were some dances and songs executed by a company of nautch girls. There was much grace in their movements, much pleasing colour in their elaborate garments and a considerable amount of music in their voices. The sentiments they voiced were all honey and graciousness—the conquering hero strain, captor of hearts and so forth—and all were addressed to the Prince who, from a balcony above, gave a generous meed of applause to all the performers.

The rest of the time in Bikaner was spent mostly in sport. Three days were spent in Gujner where the Prince was housed in a palace on the margin of a beautiful lake. Gujner is, indeed, a paradise for the *shikari*. Nowhere in India do the sand grouse throng in such multitudes to drink. Nowhere does that wily bird the kunj—flamboyantly translated "demoiselle crane"—invite so plainly man's responsive cunning. And the wild duck, which whirr rushingly over the lake's surface, are not to be despised. At all of these the Prince aimed his gun during the three days. Fortune was not always kind. But even on the worst of days, when the birds would insist on aspiring loftily to the heavens, the Prince proved himself the son of his father, one of the best shots that the moors of Scotland and the *jhils* of India have ever known.

THE PRINCE IN INDIA.

After Bikaner, Bharatpur. It is a Jat State. Once upon a time it had a ruler, great and fierce in warfare, who smote the tottering power of the Moghuls hip and thigh and giving rein to a perfect genius for plunder, laid well and truly the foundations of his House's prosperity. But there is little to remind one of these old days in the State which the Prince visited—except it be the gorgeous adornments of the palace at Deeg and some of the State jewels. The State is very modern, and especially so in its ruler, who has not only a passion for Rolls Royces (of which he has almost as many as the flocks and herds of the patriarchs of old) and aeroplanes (he maintains a flying corps and a flying school), but is also a skilled practical mechanic. And modern was the welcome given to the Prince. Where it was not modern it was humorous, which, they say, is much the same thing.

There were, for example, the baby elephants on the route of the procession, one of which a youngster barely four feet high, frisked and gambolled like a kitten with a ball of wool and seriously threatened to overwhelm the marshals of the route who sought to keep a way clear for the Prince. And again, on the second day, there was the comic interlude in the polo. On the afternoon of this day the Prince played polo, heartily and vigorously to the extent of six chukkers. Normally it would have ended there, for it was dusk, but one of the players spotted a number of *tats*, the tiniest ponies imaginable, ready saddled near the polo field. With a whoop he seized one of these and galloped on to the field whirling a miniature polo stick round his head. His example was quickly followed and, in the twinkling of an eye, all the players, including the Prince, were similarly mounted. They were a funny sight. Their feet dangled far below their ponies' bellies. For all the world they looked like Galloway troopers on their Shetland ponies, off to raid the fat bourgeois of the plains.



Bharatpur's Baby Elephant in front of an arch of cloth of gold.

The polo that ensued was delightfully absurd. The ponies were bewildered: it was quite a new game to them. They kicked, they squirmed, they bucked, and they danced, and some of them ran off with their riders. The others followed. After their friends they galloped in Indian file. Round and round they fled, looking more like a circus every moment and neighing in cheerful idiocy.

But little snatches of humour were not all that Bharatpur had to show us. At night, after dinner, all the State's most picturesque resources were marshalled for a pageant. We had been promised something unusual, even marvellous. The result outdid the promise. Three miles from Bharatpur city, on a wide maidan, the scene for the pageant was set. A huge flattened pyramid, built of beaten earth and scaled by a broad ramp and stairway, afforded seating accomodation for the guests. From there they looked out on the velvety darkness of an Eastern night, faintly illumined by the thin starlight. Nothing struck the vision except a crimson lamp, hung like a great ruby in the sky. A subdued murmurous rumour came up out of the darkness, and dimmer shadows moving among the shadows told of the presence of many men and animals.

Suddenly, a word of command, shouted to an unseen military guard, rang out, music burst forth, and we knew that the Prince had arrived. The darkness blazed with light and the dazzled eyes, recovering their vision, saw before them the Feathers of the Prince of Wales, traced by white electric bulbs in mammoth magnificence on the ground. The Prince's motto *Ich Dien* glowed beneath them, each letter in coloured light—mauve, green, red and blue. A tempest of applause swelled and died down. The Feathers were blotted out and the darkness supervened. Again it was pierced, this time partially by a soft glow, which came from lamps set beneath the spectators as are the footlights of a stage. A radiance a hundred yards long and fifty broad was shed by these lamps, and from the outer darkness into the light passed the men, the horses, the elephants and the camels taking part in the pageant.

How shall one describe that rapid succession of brilliant colour and stately grouping? The impression of the lumbering elephants, whose shuffling swaying gait the distance made wildly laughable, had barely been formed ere, it was blotted out by the graceful movements of the cavalry's spirited horses. Hardly had darkness closed on them than a corps of mule transport passed across the light. Then came more elephants, smaller, these, but looking, for all the beauty of their trappings, exactly like the pantomime donkey. Just thus do the latter's front legs pace cautiously forward; just so gingerly and slack jointed do the inchoate hind legs feel their way.

A moment's pause, and then, solitary, a tiny carriage was drawn slowly into the radiance. To it were harnessed a pair of pied goats. Within, a model of childish dignity and splendour, sat the tiny Maharaj Kumar of Bharatpur. . . . Foot and horse, horse and foot, carts and waggons, motor cars, a tank, guns drawn by tractors, a field kitchen captured from the Germans, and, marching without the least regard to the strains of their own wild music, a band of some nobleman's retainers, clasping each on his shoulder a drawn sword held at the angle most convenient to its owner, the plumed troop, the neighing steed and the shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the regal banner, and all the pride pomp and circumstance of glorious war—all these passed before our vision.

When the last of the processional pageant had had its brief day and merged with the shadows, a company of men lit the darkness beyond with swinging clubs, attached to each of which was a light which winked and glowed as the clubs swung rhythmically to music With each movement, it changed from red to green. With the next it was red once again. And then, stepping into the glow of the footlights, another company waved flags at us to signal greeting. It was then that the rapt mind became aware of other spectators. As the flags wagged, murmurously there came from the lips of every other person the letters of the alphabet. Many were certain that the flags were spelling out a benediction on the Prince. At least they said it was a glorious night.

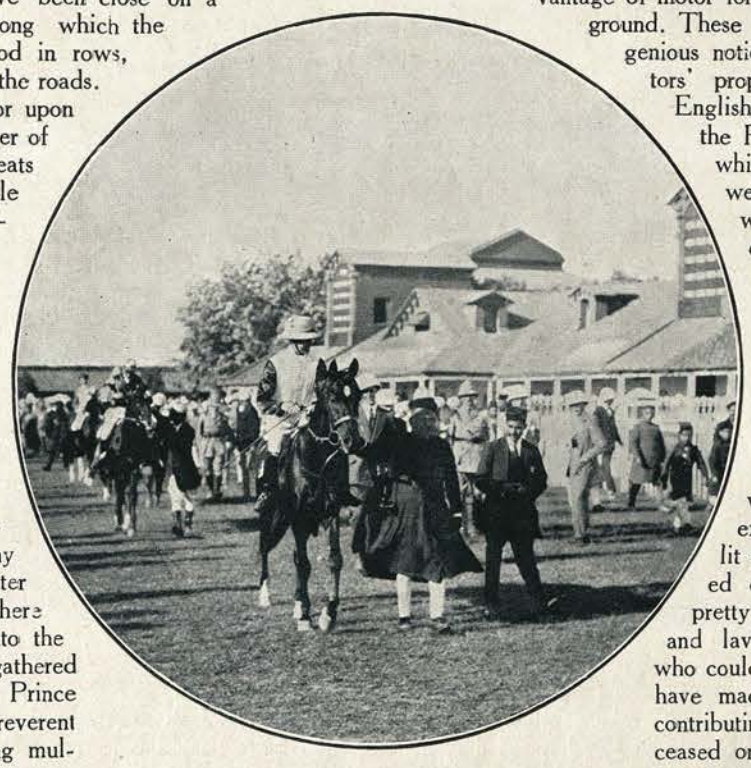
A little duck-shooting—on the lake at Bharatpur they drive the birds with elephants—some tennis, a State banquet and a drive through illuminations which made day of night sped the Prince on his way to Lucknow.

CHAPTER III.

LUCKNOW'S WELCOME—POLO AND RACING: PRINCE'S SUCCESS AS A RIDER—THE MEDICAL COLLEGE SPORTS: H. R. H. PRESENTS PRIZES—MILITARY FUNCTIONS: PARADE AND PRESENTATION OF COLOURS—VISIT TO THE RESIDENCY—A DAY IN ALLAHABAD—BENARES—HONORARY DEGREE FROM HINDU UNIVERSITY—SHOOTING TRIP IN NEPAL—PATNA.

FOR a number of reasons, but chiefly because of the reports which had penetrated the Native States wherein the second stage of the Prince's tour was passed, main interest centred not on the ceremonies attendant on the Prince's arrival in Lucknow but on the reception accorded to him by the people. Of that, rumour gave a picturesque and prophetic account. There was to be a *hartal*, before which all other *hartals* in all other cities would pale to insignificance. The shops, the bazaars and the houses would be closed and shuttered. There would be no movement in the streets. The city would be as a city of the dead. And the Prince, when he should come to drive in procession through the city streets, would drive down a long bleak alley fringed with lines of troops. At best, there would be, for spectators, a tiny sprinkling of officials, subordinates, ex-service-men and others whom Government might be able, with desperate efforts, to collect to grace the occasion.

What was the reality? Out of a population of some quarter of a million people there must have been close on a hundred thousand on the streets along which the Royal procession passed. They stood in rows, pressing hard against the troops lining the roads. They perched upon the house-tops or upon stationary vehicles. For the first quarter of a mile of the processional route seats in ascending tiers—triple, quadruple and, at some places, quintuple tiers—had been built. They were filled to overflowing by eager sightseers. No window of any house on the route but framed a few faces, no balcony but glowed with the gala dresses of men and women holding high holiday. All the open spaces were packed with humanity as a barrel with herrings. Only in the Kaiser Bagh did the crowds grow meagre, and here, within the gardens, a commanding view was given to many hundreds of people from a monster shamiana raised on a lofty terrace. Where the route swept from the gardens into the main street of the station, the crowds gathered and thickened again. And, as the Prince passed, he was greeted with deep and reverent salaams and the tumult of a cheering multitude.



The Race Course, Lucknow: H.R.H. going out to win his first race in India.

Before this signal demonstration of a people's welcome the dignity and grandeur of the official ceremonies faded rather to the background. Yet these were notable. For some the setting was quaint, even unique. At the railway station, for instance, where the station hall (in which the municipal address was presented) reminded one by its *decor* that Lucknow is a considerable industrial centre and the headquarters of the Oudh and Rohilkand Railway Company. It flaunted, not the flags, the banners, the devices and the shields which properly belong to a military patriotism, but the products of workshops and handicraftsmen. There were model signal boxes, culverts and crossings, there were rails and sleepers, there was a trolley, and as if emerging from a tunnel in the wall, there was a locomotive complete as far back as the steam whistle.

It was altogether fit and proper that the city fathers should speak their first words of welcome to their Royal visitor amidst surroundings which spoke of the city's daily life. Fittingly, also, it was not alone upon Lucknow's historic traditions that the address they presented dwelt. It touched upon its modern developments and the schemes of expansion in which the municipality was immersed. When the Prince had replied to the municipal address, he set out, in a State procession, for Government House, pausing for some minutes at the stately building in the Kaiser Bagh which shelters the deliberations of the Legislative Council of the United Provinces. From the Council he received an address. Significant point was given by the thronging crowds outside the building and the enthusiasm of the people's welcome to that passage in the address in which the President emphasised that the Council stood before His Royal Highness, the elected representatives of more than 45 millions of people, in a country which is the very heart of ancient Hindustan and to-day is one of the most populous provinces in His Imperial Majesty's Dominions. The whole ceremony took little more than a quarter of an hour and at its end the Prince resumed his journey to Government House, passing through crowds of expectant cheering people.

In the afternoon, before a large crowd, the Prince played polo at the Lucknow Gymkhana. The majority of the Indians who attended went to the polo ground on shanks mare, but a fair number took advantage of motor lorries which plied from the city to the ground. These lorries were the outcome of an ingenious notion for countering the non-co-operators' propaganda. They were labelled, in English and vernacular, "Come and See the Prince: Conveyance Free," a device which appealed to thirfty souls and weary pedestrians. Seldom were they without a full freight and it is undoubted that they contributed largely in swelling the crowds by bringing to the ceremonies in Lucknow many people whose spirit, as far as seeing the Prince was concerned, was willing but whose flesh was weak.

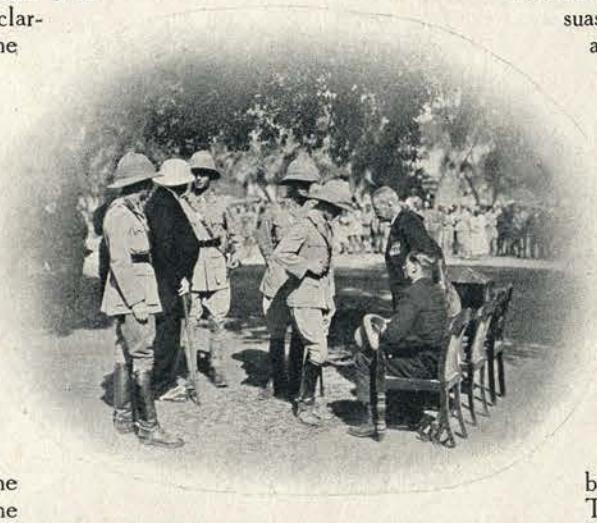
There was a dance at Government House in the evening. It was all that there is of entertainment, excellent music, a beautiful ball-room lit mellowly by the soft glow of inverted ceiling lights, pretty women in as pretty dresses, men in the glory of uniform and lavish refreshment—Meredith's rustic, who could "eat 'og for a whole hour" could have made no impression on the supply—contributing to an evening's enjoyment which ceased only as the night merged with the morning.

Saturday was a full day. In the morning the Prince reviewed several thousand troops on the Lucknow parade ground. The troops comprised the 4th Cavalry Brigade and the 19th Indian Infantry Brigade. A ceremonial military parade is always impressive. The clockwork precision with which huge masses of men move and are moved, the beautiful rhythm of a company marching in step, the nodding heads of the trained horses of the cavalry as they step proudly along, the glitter of the lance points and the bayonets, the fluttering pennants, the stirring music from the massed bands and the tattered regimental colours, recalling desperate assaults and triumphs on stricken fields, all combine to move the feelings of the spectators. There were few hearts, one imagines, among the many thousand people assembled on the outskirts of the parade ground, which did not beat a little faster as the troops, in the taut rigidity of the salute, swung past the Prince at the saluting base.

After the parade was over, the Prince motored to the grounds of the Medical College, where he witnessed the concluding events of the University sports. A large and distinguished company was present. But more gratifying and more significant was the presence

of several hundred students. Popular wherever he goes, the Prince is never more so than when he associates with those who are just entering upon the battle of life. And he was in his happiest vein when, after the decision of the last event, a magnificent and monstrous tug-of-war, in which the winning team, after the most exhausting struggle, nearly pulled their adversaries off the face of the map, he came to present the prizes to the successful competitors. With each he chatted gaily. For each he had an appropriate word. And, before he gave the medal or prize in reward for athletic pre-eminence, he shook each heartily by the hand. The Prince concluded with a short speech in reply to an address of welcome read by the Vice-Chancellor of the University, declaring his keen interest in all that pertains to the rising generation within the Empire and dwelling on the significance of sport and athletic contests in the moulding of all that is best in manly character.

The afternoon saw His Royal Highness on the race course where a gymkhana meeting had been arranged. He had expressed a desire to enter a horse (one of his own polo ponies) and, later, to ride. He rode in four races, and with success. In one of the races he rode the favourite. But in the first of the races, that in which he brought in Major Campbell's Smiling Morn a winner, there were two other horses which were considered "certainties" by the cognoscenti. It was indeed a good race. The start was perfect, and it was only a couple of furlongs from home that the Prince's mount and Middleton, the horse which nearly beat him, began to draw away from the field. Between these two it was a neck and neck race. Both riders near the winning post used the whip vigorously. Delirious excitement found vent in shouts of "Go it, sir. Stick it! Oh well riden!" and effervesced in clamorous cheering as the Prince passed the winning post by the barest half length. Never was a more popular win on the Lucknow course. Never was more popular winner so acclaimed as was the Prince when his mount was led from the course into the paddock.



The Prince and a Lucknow Mutiny Veteran.

At night, after dinner, the Prince attended an entertainment given at the Baradari by the Oudh talukdars who presented an address to him. Before leaving, the Prince watched a display of fireworks which was remarkable in many ways, not more so for its fire than for its smoke and smell.

Sunday morning was devoted to a military church parade, at which the Prince presented colours to the third battalion of the Worcester Regiment, going on thence to inspect a pensioners parade. Among the pensioners were two notable figures, one an old man the other an old woman each of whom, the former as a combatant the latter as a nurse, took part in the defence of the Lucknow Residency. The Residency itself, hallowed by one of the most glorious episodes in British military tradition, was visited by the Prince in the afternoon. The trim lawns and gravelled pathways, the flowering syringa and the soft murmur of trees moving in the wind little recall the scenes which the place has lived through. Many of the buildings have entirely disappeared. The spots where were once redoubts are now marked only by mounds of turf. But the shot-torn walls of the Bailey Guard Gate, the stained old tomb-stones in the little cemetery, each with its simple inscription telling of a soldier's passing or of womanly fortitude broken only by death, and the crumbling rugged walls of the Residency building, call vividly to the mind the hail of cannon balls, the carnage, the suffering and the heroic endurance of this sixty-years old seige. The Prince marked his visit by sending a wreath for the tomb of Sir Henry Lawrence. Upon the tomb, still clearly decipherable, is the famous epitaph "Here lies Sir Henry Lawrence who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on his soul".

State Elephants at Ramnagar Palace, Benares.

The Prince left Lucknow at night for Allahabad.

Only a few thousand of the citizens of Allahabad came to see the Prince when he arrived on the morning of December 12. Of these the majority were Englishmen and Anglo-Indians. Very many Indians had during the preceding weeks declared their intention of attending the initial ceremonies of the visit. But the well known methods of the Non-co-operators, whose peaceful persuasion is the merest camouflage for terrorisation and intimidation and whose non-violence is a lying synonym for the bludgeon and the *lathi*, had got to work in the meantime and had kept them away. It was the old story of organised violence prevailing against the disciples of the doctrine "anything for a quiet life."

The Royal train arrived at the wayside station of Prayag—which by the way is the ancient name for Allahabad—at ten o'clock in the morning. The pre-arranged programme was carried out in its entirety. First the Prince drove to the University where he received an address of welcome and an album of photographs showing Allahabad's finest buildings and "beauty spots." There was an unmistakeable note of enthusiasm about his welcome by the students and graduates of the University—there was an imposing array of graduates, both men and women. It became even more pronounced when the Prince became the instrument for the granting of a boon. Mingled with the students' cheers were shouts of "Week's leave Week's leave"—how students all the world over love their work! The Prince turned first to the Vice-Chancellor and then nodded to the students to signify that the boon had been granted.

On leaving the University, the Prince drove to the High Court where he was received by the Chief Justice and the Judges. Practically all the members of the bar were present and had the honour of meeting His Royal Highness. The latter, before leaving, was conducted over the building on a tour of inspection whereupon, amidst cheers from a considerable crowd, the drive to Government House was resumed. The route lay through the charming tree-embowered Alfred Park. Here a welcome awaited the Prince which was in striking contrast to the bare sun-baked streets on which small groups were assembled at intervals. School children numbering at least 4,000 had gathered there and stood armed with flags under banners which indicated the schools to which they belonged. Shrilly and joyfully they cheered, a world of happiness expressed in their faces. The last function was held in the grounds of Government House where under a *shamiana* the President of the Municipal Board presented an address of welcome to the Prince.

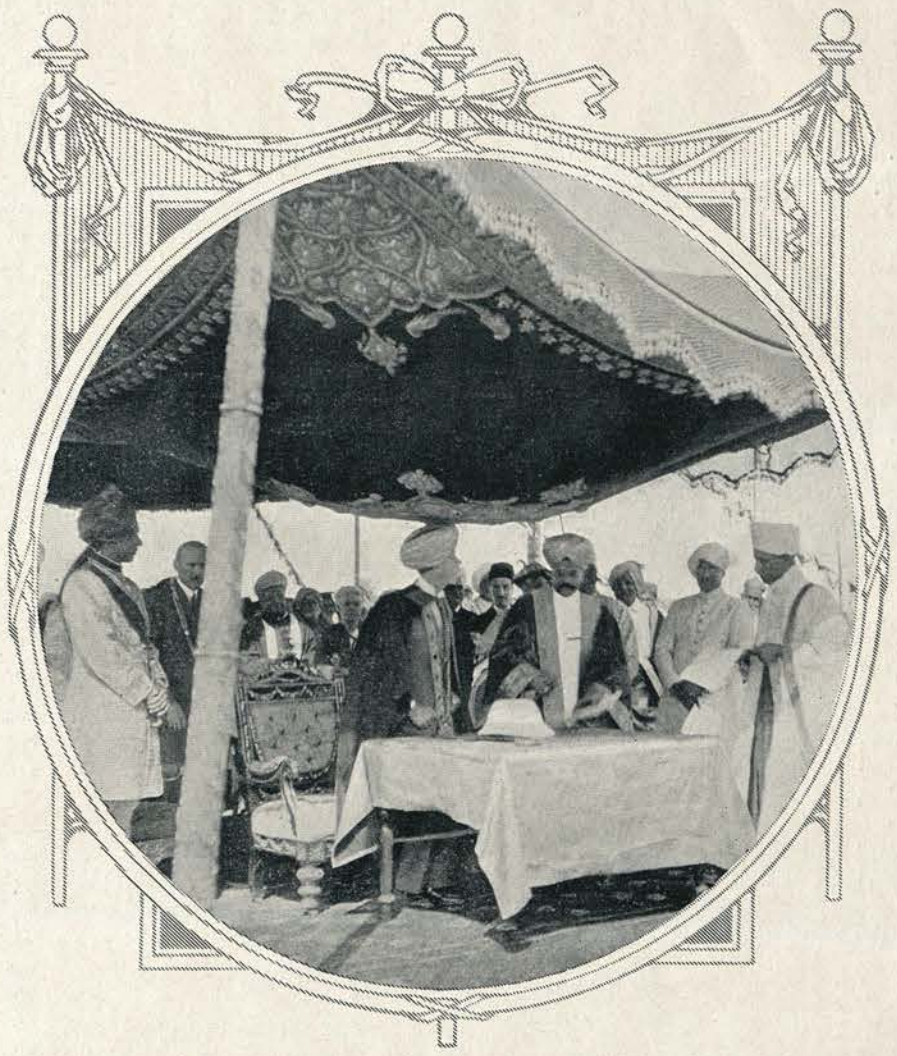
The Prince reached Benares on the morning of December 13. It is with a deep and reverent interest that one comes thither. A city which from the earliest dawn of mythology has occupied in the imagination of the devout Hindu a place of greater significance than even Rome to the devoutest Papist, a city to which more than a million people throng every year, a city which stands on the sacred Ganges, whose banks it has lined with ghats from which the devout may plunge their bodies into the waters and sanctify the flesh, a city which is girdled by that road unlike any other in the world, a mere ribbon of thick, soft sand along which every pilgrim must trudge to

the end of his 36 miles if he is to attain the highest degree of merit—such a city cannot fail to capture the thoughts of all who come to it. Unfortunately, there was no time within the space of the few hours allotted in the Royal tour to Benares to visit, far less to examine, any part of the great repositories of Hindu lore and religion. A fleeting glimpse of the ghats and the temples in shining panorama was all that was vouchsafed.

But if His Royal Highness had little opportunity of exploring the venerable sanctuaries of Hinduism, he at least did one thing which of itself may be counted of as great significance as any formal act he had thitherto performed.

That one thing was the opening of the new buildings of the Hindu University and the acceptance of the University's Degree of Doctor of Letters. The University itself is one of the most impressive monuments on the difficult road along which education in India has travelled. It owes its inception to the labours of a band of public-spirited Indians who, convinced that the pace at which Government could supply the growing needs of the youth of India for higher education was not fast enough, decided to found a University without its aid. They succeeded. For some years now the University has been teaching within old buildings in the heart of the city. Besides being the only University in India born of private enterprise, it has the added distinction that it seeks to preserve, and by its special classes in Hindu theology does preserve, much that is best in the ancient Hindu culture.

The growing body of students and the need for more up-to-date appliances—the University proposes to devote much of its resources to the teaching of science and applied science—made it incumbent on the governing body to find new and more spacious quarters. A site well chosen on the city side of the Ganges in the midst of meadows and trees was selected, and six years ago Lord Hardinge laid the foundation stone. The buildings, three in number, simple in form, with little of ornate embellishment about them and built of a delicately tinted sandstone, are occupied by the thousands of the University's students.



H. R. H. in the gown and turban of a Doctor of Laws of the Hindu University, Benares.

Some six or seven thousand people found seating accommodation to view the ceremony of declaring the buildings open. Many more occupied ground adjacent. And all were united in eager enthusiasm which found vent in cheers and applause when His Royal Highness arrived, driven in a silver coach and escorted by the State Cavalry of the Maharaja of Benares. He was received by the Chancellor of the University, His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, and other University dignitaries, and by them was conducted to his place under a crimson and gold canopy. From there His Highness the Chancellor delivered an address in which he dwelt on the aspect of Benares as an age-long centre of religion and culture, and emphasised the appropriateness of setting up in such a place a modern University, concluding by requesting His Royal Highness to declare the University buildings open.

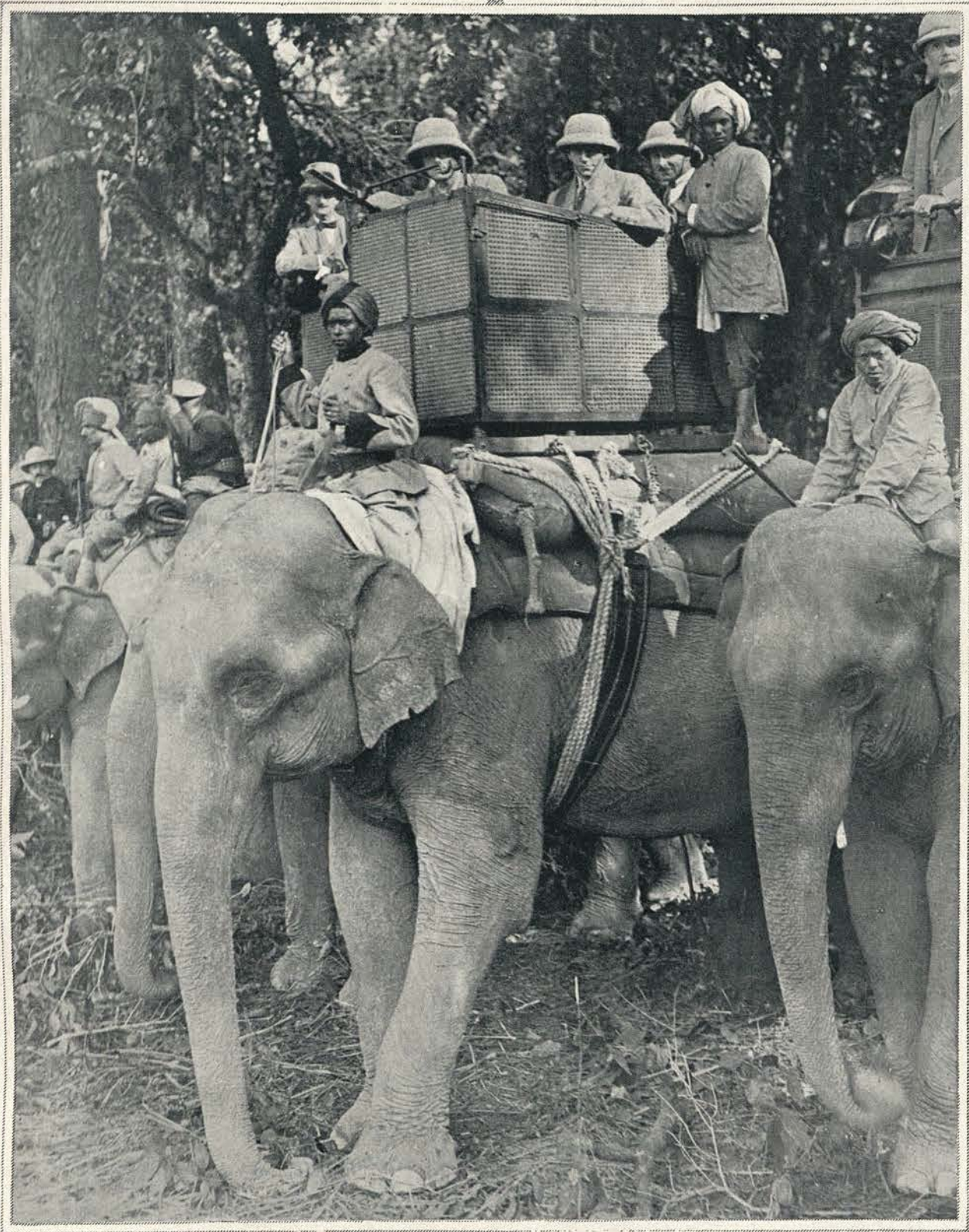
The Prince's reply was, in the main, directed to the students instead of collectively to the University. The charming personal note he imparted to these passages was in the most felicitous vein. The frequent applause and shouts of agreement with which his remarks were punctuated, coming as they did, for the most part, from the students themselves and senior school boys present, testified to their popularity.

But the applause with which His Royal Highness's speech was received was as nothing compared with the tornado of enthusiasm which burst forth when, having assumed the robe of Doctor of Letters, he put on the pale yellow turban which is the distinguishing mark of a Pundit of Benares University. In the assumption of that headgear the students and the spectators rightly divined an act of symbolism denoting that, as the Chancellor aptly said, just as the Prince is a Canadian to Canadians and an Australian to Australians so, among Indians, he is, if not in outward form, at least in spirit and sympathies, an Indian to Indians.

Later His Royal Highness was a guest at a State luncheon given by His Highness the Maharaja of Benares at Ramnagar Fort. There were some eighty guests. Returning from Ramnagar to Benares, the Prince went down the river in a motor boat. There was a *hartal* in the city. But assuredly there were no signs of *hartal* about the vast crowds which had congregated on the river bank—the holy bank—on the ghats and wherever they could catch a glimpse of the Royal visitor. Still less were there signs of *hartal* in the triumphant shouts and cheers which came wafted over the river into midstream. At night the Prince left Benares for a shooting camp in Nepal.

The Prince, arriving in Bikhnathoree on the Nepal side of the frontier on the morning of December 14 at once went into camp. There was a tiger beat, by elephants, in the afternoon and the Prince shot his first tiger, a fine beast measuring nine feet six inches, the skin of which will probably be among his most treasured possessions in the future. A week was spent in the Nepal Camp and it proved to be an enjoyable time. The arrangements for the Prince's visit were carried out with great forethought and care. The camp was pitched on the edge of high ground in the forest overlooking the junction of two rivers. Fronting it was a magnificent view of the foothills, covered with forest and rolling outward to the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas. The ground on which the camp stood had been covered with dense undergrowth up to the beginning of November, and the labour of clearing it and arranging for the accommodation of the Prince and his staff and other guests, of installing electric light, laying down grass, and providing a water supply and approach roads was no easy task, especially when the workers had to contend with late rains and outbreaks of malaria.

Beyond the camp, far into the hills, a series of jungle roads passable for motors had been opened up. These roads led to points more than thirty miles distant from the camp and stages on the roads were connected with the camp by telephone and by signalling arrangements. No tiger could kill, or rhinoceros take a midday siesta, without instant information being transmitted to the camp. Over 500 elephants were collected at various points on the route, and by the agency of the telephone or by horsemen, it was possible to concentrate parties of these to ring a tiger or pursue a rhinoceros at almost any point within 35 miles of the main camp. With this perfect system of intelligence and with the untiring assistance of the mem-



AFTER THE KILL: THE PRINCE ON ONE OF THE ELEPHANTS WHICH ENCIRCLED A TIGER.

bers of the Prime Minister's family, it is not surprising that a good bag was obtained. The total head of game killed amounted to 17 tigers, 8 rhinoceroses, 2 bears and 2 leopards. There was no blank day and on every occasion the various parties who went out from the Prince's camp in pursuit of big game came into contact with their objective.

If the days were full of pleasure and excitement, the Prime Minister had determined that the evenings should also have their amusements. The band of the Nepalese Army played every night in the camp, and Nepalese pipers recalled memories of the highlanders round the table in the mess tent. Parties of Gurkhas executed folk dances round the camp fires and His Royal Highness and his staff vied with the

The Prince in Nepal. The top picture shows H. R. H. in a howdah waiting for a shot. The other shows the Prince's first tiger.

experts of Nepal in cutting branches with the national weapon, the *kukri*. His Highness the Maharaja, owing to ill-health, was able to accompany the shooting parties only on one occassion, but he was a constant visitor to His Royal Highness' camp and was untiring in supervising all arrangements and in the scrutiny of every detail connected with sport or with the entertainments of the guests of the Nepal Government.

On the conclusion of the shooting trip in Nepal, the Prince arrived in Patna, the capital of the Province of Bihar and Orissa, on the morning of December 22. This, the youngest of the Indian provinces, and particularly its capital, is one of the most packed of the repositories of Indian traditions. As Pataliputra, it was famous as a spot visited and blessed by the great buddha and as the capital of the first all-Indian Empire under the Mayurian kings. The rocks and the edicts of Asoka provide references to the city's existence and fame. It was the centre from which Buddhism set forth to conquer the souls of the world. It was the focus of Hindu revival under the Guptas in the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era. And

At the Girls' High School, Patna: Prince and Headmistress.

it figured as the last battlefield between the Phatans and the Moghuls and between the English and the Padishas of Delhi for the lordship of Northern India. Now, however, it bears these scars lightly and seems little else than a pleasant spreading city, straggling among plentiful trees.

There were few people on the processional route when the Prince arrived, but there was a large gathering at the stadium on the maidan where the first ceremony was held. The ceremony was the presentation of an address by a representative body of Patna's citizens. The majority of those present found shelter from the sun's rays beneath a semi-circular awning supported on a forest of venetian masts. But all round this awning on spreading embankments of beaten earth, thronged many thousand of lesser folk Their raiment was humble but the eager spontaneity of their cheers comprised a welcome worth all the gorgeous trappings of the ceremonial put together. Nor were they content with the glimpse they had of the Prince listening and replying to the address of welcome. At the earliest opportunity, as soon, indeed, as the procession from the stadium set out for Government House, the crowd broke from the containing ranks of the police sepoys and fled to the nearest vantage ground overlooking the route, whence they might see the Prince depart. Some few, youthful and fleet of foot, set forth in pursuit of the procession, hoping to catch it up and get in a last round of cheers. They may have succeeded in their laudable object. When last seen, they were heartily plugging away, pursuing and perspiring, and gaining slightly on the rear ranks of the cavalry escort.

Polo in the afternoon and a reception at Government House, characterised by a pleasant informality, filled the rest of the day.

On the second day of the Patna visit the Prince reviewed the police on the polo ground, going on to inspect a parade of Indian ex-officers and the boy scouts. He left at night for Calcutta.

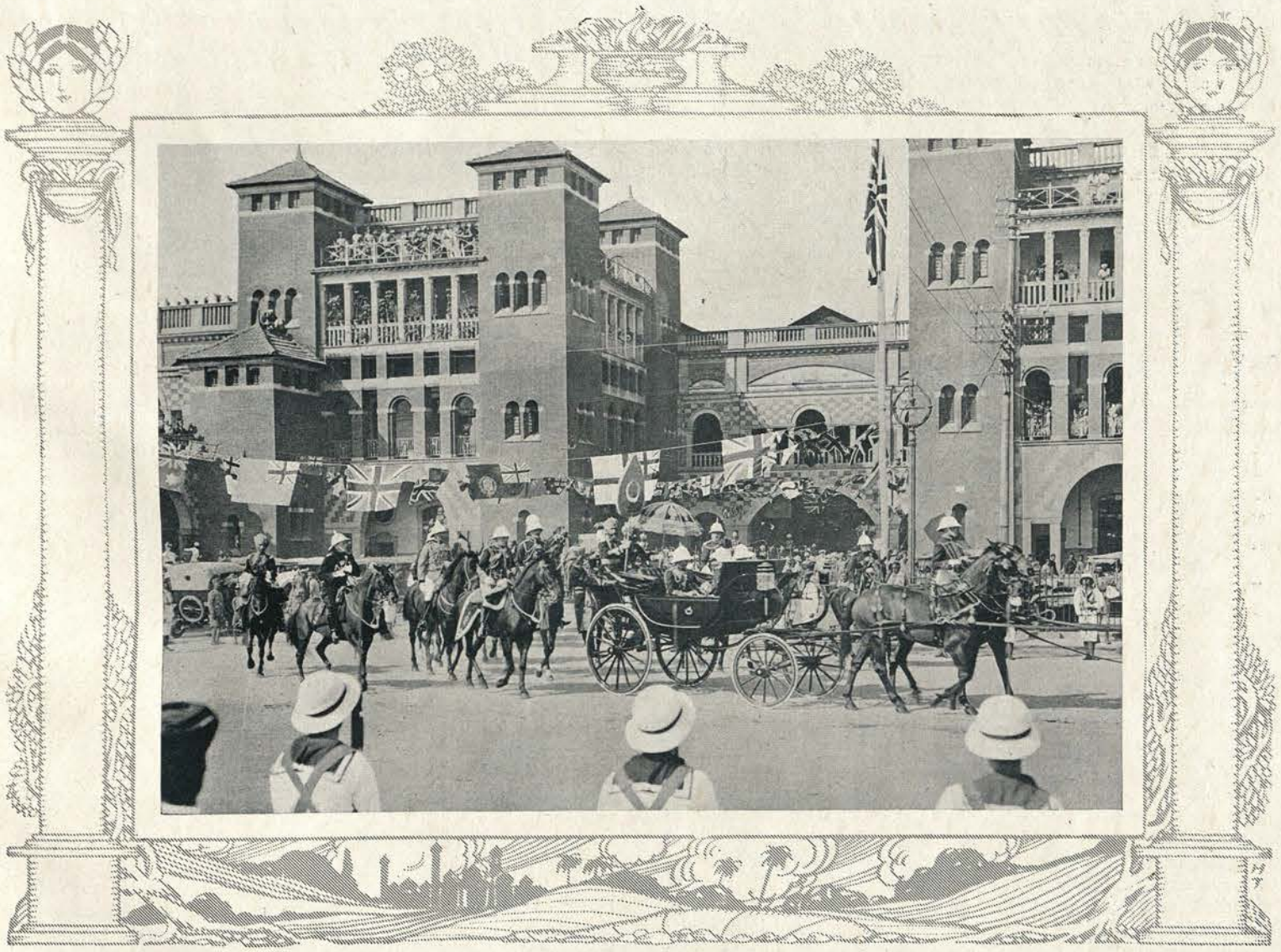
CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTMAS IN CHARNOCK'S CITY—CALCUTTA WELCOMES THE PRINCE—THE RACES: PRINCE'S AND VICEROY'S CUP DAYS: BRILLIANT SCENES—DOCTOR OF LAWS: DEGREE FROM UNIVERSITY—THE PAGEANT: MUSIC AND MYTHOLOGY: THIBETAN LAMA DANCE—VICTORIA MEMORIAL OPENED BY THE PRINCE—COLOUR PRESENTATION AT BARRACKPORE—THE EMBARKATION FOR BURMA.

"SO the mid-day halt of Charnock grew a city—more's the pity." Few visitors to Calcutta, at least in the cold weather, will agree with the last remark. For Calcutta nowadays has much to offer the visitor. And if he be a visitor who has wandered far in the East, on whom nostalgia is laying insidious fingers, the offering will be generous and welcome. For, superficially at least, there is no city in the East which has about it such a flavour of the West. In the main business quarter, in the thoroughfares around Government House and, above all, in Chowringhee the architecture and the general air of opulence are redolent of a European metropolis. Christmas week adds gaiety to opulence. Restaurants and theatres are packed nightly with pleasure-seekers. Expensive motor cars are driven swiftly and silently along the streets. In them beautifully dressed women are borne along, bending tenderly over the fluffy form of Fido, anxiously ministering to his needs and sparing a corner of their intelligence to an imminent appointment with their modiste or an impending *thè dansant*. More rarely, glossy equipages, driven not for convenience but for display by their owners, bowl smoothly along. In every resort of fashion and beauty costly jewels glitter and frocks, whose cost is in inverse ratio to their quantity, adorn glowing daughters of Eve. The vast hotels are thronged with business men from all parts of the world, intent on schemes which would have taxed the treasury of Croesus to finance them, while, at the race course, a single day's turnover would suffice to maintain a thousand working class families for a year.

But gay as is Christmas week normally in Calcutta never was a gayer than that of 1921. For the Prince arrived in Calcutta on the morning of Christmas Eve and stayed until the last day of the year. To the usual Christmas festivities were added those arranged in honour of His Royal Highness—and they were many.

First as to the reception given to the Prince. Anybody forming a judgment on the aspect of the Calcutta streets an hour before the scheduled time of the Prince's arrival must have concluded that Calcutta was asleep or that it was to abstain *en masse* from a welcome to the Prince. There were troops along the route. There were policemen each at his station. The verandah of hotels, offices and bungalows were sprinkled with Europeans and Anglo-Indians. A few heads, dwindled to pin-points by the distance, leaned over lofty roofs. But the streets were lamentably bare of the common people of the city. It was a display which for pitifulness must have made Job Charnock turn in his grave. But in the interval before the Royal procession set out from Howrah station, miracles accomplished themselves. The streets had filled as if a monstrous reservoir had poured its contents into them. At the bathing ghats



The Prince Arrives in Charnock's City: The State carriage leaving Howrah Railway Station.

on the Calcutta side of Howrah bridge there were many hundreds of Bengalees. To see Indians bathing in the Hooghly is the commonest sight in Calcutta. But to see them, clustered in such numbers on the ghats that there is barely room for another soul and intent, each one, not on the morning immersion of sanctification but on what is toward in the streets above, is at least unusual. More unusual still is it to find Harrison Road, that focus of unrest and turbulence, packed for two hundred yards of its length with thousands of Indians. Many, perhaps most, of them were non-co-operators bent on insult. But not so their front ranks, and not so the thousands who crowded the foot-path on the shady side of Strand Road, thousands whom the bare black polls and the coloured shawls proclaimed Bengalees to a man. Above them, the narrow rickety verandahs and the crazy windows of the toppling houses threatened every moment to give way beneath the weight of humanity they supported. Round and in Dalhousie Square—here it was that the Municipality presented an address to the Prince—and in the streets beyond, the crowds were so great that walking was very nearly impossible. To a visitor it seemed a welcome convincing and adequate. But Calcutta, jealous of its reputation for hospitality, was not content. Hundreds of thousands from among its million of population had abstained. It was a blot on the 'scutcheon.

But Calcutta must have taken heart of grace from the afternoon, when the Prince drove from Government House to attend the races. There were crowds on the streets to see him pass and not least on the Red Road which had been converted into a beautiful pillared avenue. To say there were crowds at the race course is to give a faint idea of the thronging multitudes which had gathered there. Now it is no light thing that distracts a racing crowd from the business of the day, which is, obviously, following the fortunes of the favourite or outsider one has decided to back. There is, usually, no place in the world where one may see greater singleness of purpose and intenser concentration than on a race course. But on the afternoon when the Prince attended it seemed sometimes that the punters and the charming ladies who bore them company cared not a jot though the horse whose fate determined the fate of a month's pay should fall down or should refuse to start or should eat his brethren. All eyes were concentrated on the Prince. Indeed, there was something a little pathetic about the way in which the occupants of the first enclosure, which adjoins that of the members, rushed to the railing, especially the ladies, that they might keep their eyes fixed on the Prince. A new chapter on the "hero as Prince" might have been written from observing the hero-worshipping crowd that afternoon.

The Thibetan Lama Dancers who danced before the Prince at Calcutta.

Christmas Day was spent quietly, the Prince attending a special service at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's. On Monday the chief event was the Races and of these the race for the Viceroy's Cup. Viceroy's Cup Day is always one of the major events of the Calcutta Season. Among the great crowds that gather at the race course there is a never ending procession of the races of mankind. Respectability rubs shoulders with rascality and wealth with poverty. For a few hours the course becomes the confluence of innumerable streams of Eastern humanity, a source of never-failing interest. But when there is present a Royal Prince, interest is heightened immeasurably. Then it is that woman has her field day. In the smooth green lawns and the spreading trees of the race course enclosures, in the dazzling light of the afternoon, she finds the most admirable of backgrounds for a display of finery. And she does not let the occasion slip. But on this afternoon she determined that the best that the Calcutta *tapisseries* could produce was only just good enough for His Royal Highness, and the effect of her determination was stupendous. Not even Ascot could have bettered the stunning toilettes which were seen in the paddock. Every colour and shade, every tone and half tone, matched and contrasted with each other in the frocks and saries of the English and Indian ladies. And it was beauty decked with beauty. For even if Longchamps or Ascot could display more wonderful dresses, they might not equal and certainly could not surpass this galaxy of female beauty of form and face. In such matters mere man is hopelessly outclassed. Yet he did the best that convention allows him and with spats and beautifully creased trousers and morning coats and tall hats he dotted the I's and crossed the T's of an unique occasion. This is the more glittering facet of the welcome given the Prince. It may not have been the more significant. That, probably, was created by the multitudinous reception His Royal Highness received from the far humbler crowds outside the inner rails of the course. Competent witnesses declare that on no former Cup Days have they seen such numbers crowding the inner rails, nor such excitement and enthusiasm among them. A strong force of police was hard put to it to preserve coherent order among the throng, which in its eagerness to obtain the closest possible view of the Royal Box and its occupant, was ever pressing nearer upon and invading forbidden ground. The vast waste expanse enclosed by the race course rails was like nothing more than Hyde Park on the occasion of a mammoth demonstration and when His Royal Highness, driving in State, appeared on the course, hundreds, indeed thousands, of these people rushed from their places opposite the stands to the five furlong post, whence they kept pace with the Prince's progress excitedly waving and salaaming.

It was a fitting climax to the enthusiasm of the arrival that there was a magnificent race for the Cup. Thirteen horses, each looking in the very pink of condition, lined up at the starting gate and got away to an excellent start. When the race was half run it became evident that there were only two horses that counted—Mr. Goculdas' Roubaix and Mr. Jesiram's Not Much. The later led by nearly half a length until the two were a few yards from the winning post. It seemed a certainty for the leader. No horse, it seemed, could possibly make up the leeway in the distance. Yet Roubaix, with the most magnificent of efforts, did the apparently impossible and got past the winning post a short head in front of his rival. The cheers that went forth as the race was decided were as much for the horse as for the owner and the skilful riding of the jockey; for Roubaix, a veteran of many hard fought fights, occupies a unique place in the affections of the racing public. His Royal Highness presented the Cup to the owner after the next race and did not depart until the last race had been run.

On Monday night there was a ball at Government House. Two thousand guests in all manner of uniforms and beautiful dresses gave to the severe beauty of the ball-room a tropical luxuriance of colour. And not only of colour. To move through a tropical forest is child's play compared with the problem of getting from one point to another in Government House that evening. There is a tale of one poor wretch who began at the first dance to seek for his partner of the third. He was still seeking two hours later. The Prince, who wore the uniform of the Seaforth Highlanders, stayed till after midnight and danced frequently.

On the morrow he was up with the minar and went paperchasing. In this, he temporarily lost the services of one of his staff who "took a toss" and fell on his head. Later in the morning the Prince received the degreee of Doctor of Laws from the Calcutta University. The ceremony of conferring the Degree on His Royal Highness was performed for convenience sake in the Throne Room of Government House where a special convocation of the senators was held. There was a large and distinguished attendance. Few were absent of those pre-eminent in the intellectual life of Calcutta. Experts in every branch of knowledge attended, to say

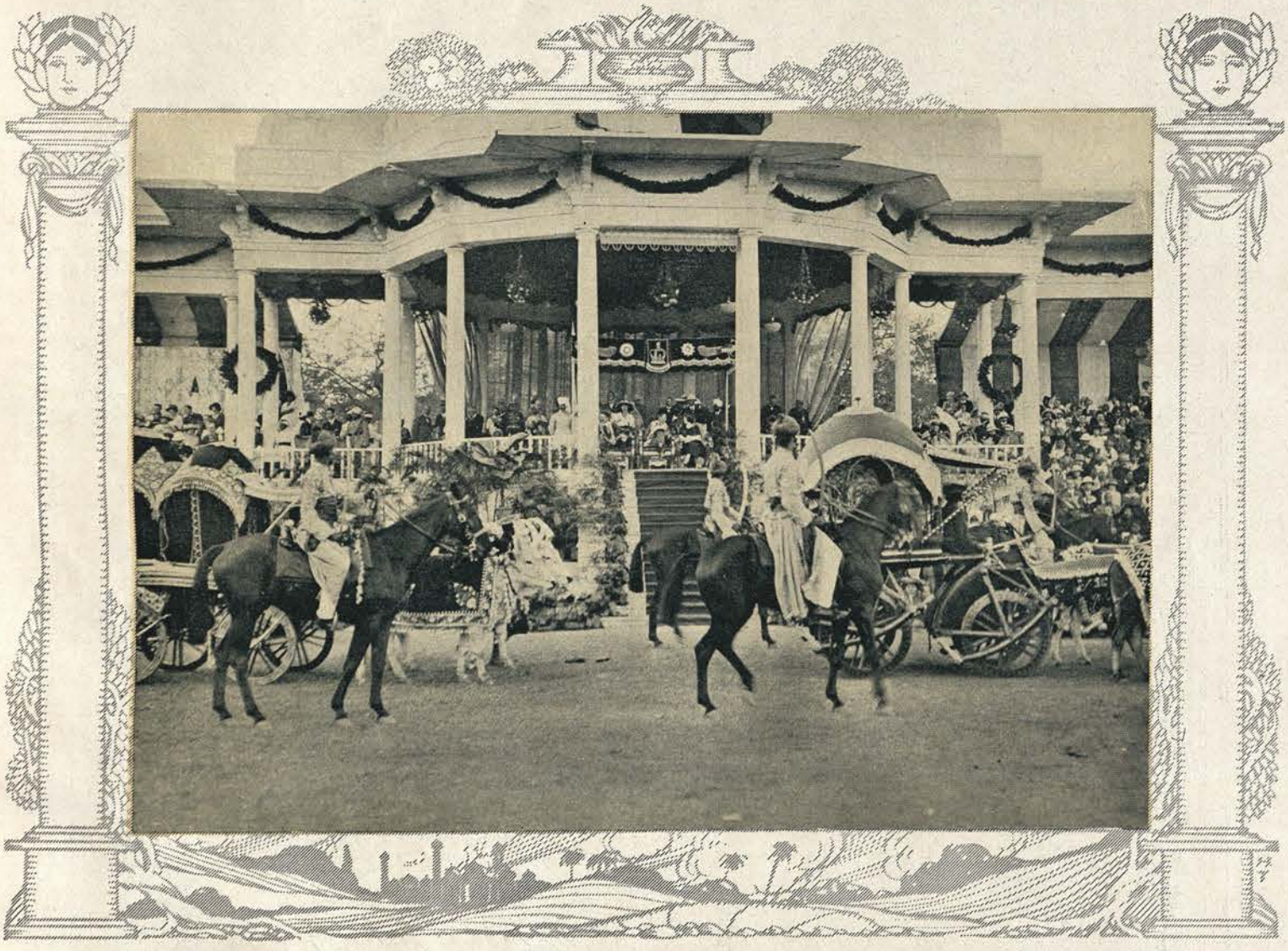
nothing of Ministers of State and Members of Council, lawyers and *litterateurs*. The ceremony itself was chiefly remarkable for the eloquence of the vice-Chancellor. The latter, in asking His Excellency the Chancellor to confer the degree on His Royal Highness, spoke for more than twenty minutes. He more than lived up to the reputation for oratory which the Bengalee publicist enjoys. If his speech was rather more pointedly political in its trend than is usual on such occasions, one found it follow naturally from his early remark that the confering of the degree had less an academic than an imperial and international significance.

Then, in the afternoon, came the great event of the day, indeed of the visit—the Pageant. An oval of turf five hundred yards by three hundred had been ringed in with tiers of benches and lofty stands. On the western side had been erected a noble white pavilion from which His Royal Highness was to view the display. In front of this pavilion the scenes of the pageant were enacted. But the crowds who came to view were pageant enough

all the notes of the scale were sounded upon trumpets; all the trumpets were coloured with the colour of the note; and all the illustrations typical of the notes were created in wondrously vivid *tableaux vivants*.

From notes the pageant went on to an exposition of melodies. Much more significant are these than the mere notes. There is for example the Sri Raga. A perfectly ignorant person hearing this would dismiss it as a somewhat disjointed series of cacophonies. Actually its weird intervals relate how the demi-god Sri Rag, famed all over the earth, sports with his nymphs, gathering fresh blossoms in the bosom of a grove; how he holds a lotus in his hands and sits upon a carved throne. Breath-bereaving ingenuity, one reflects, which enables the musical illustration of a lotus in the hands. Imagine an academy pupil called upon to write a musical fantasia on a carved throne!

A Tibetan Lama dance followed on the performance of the Ragas. Take a few pages from Dante's Inferno—writhing



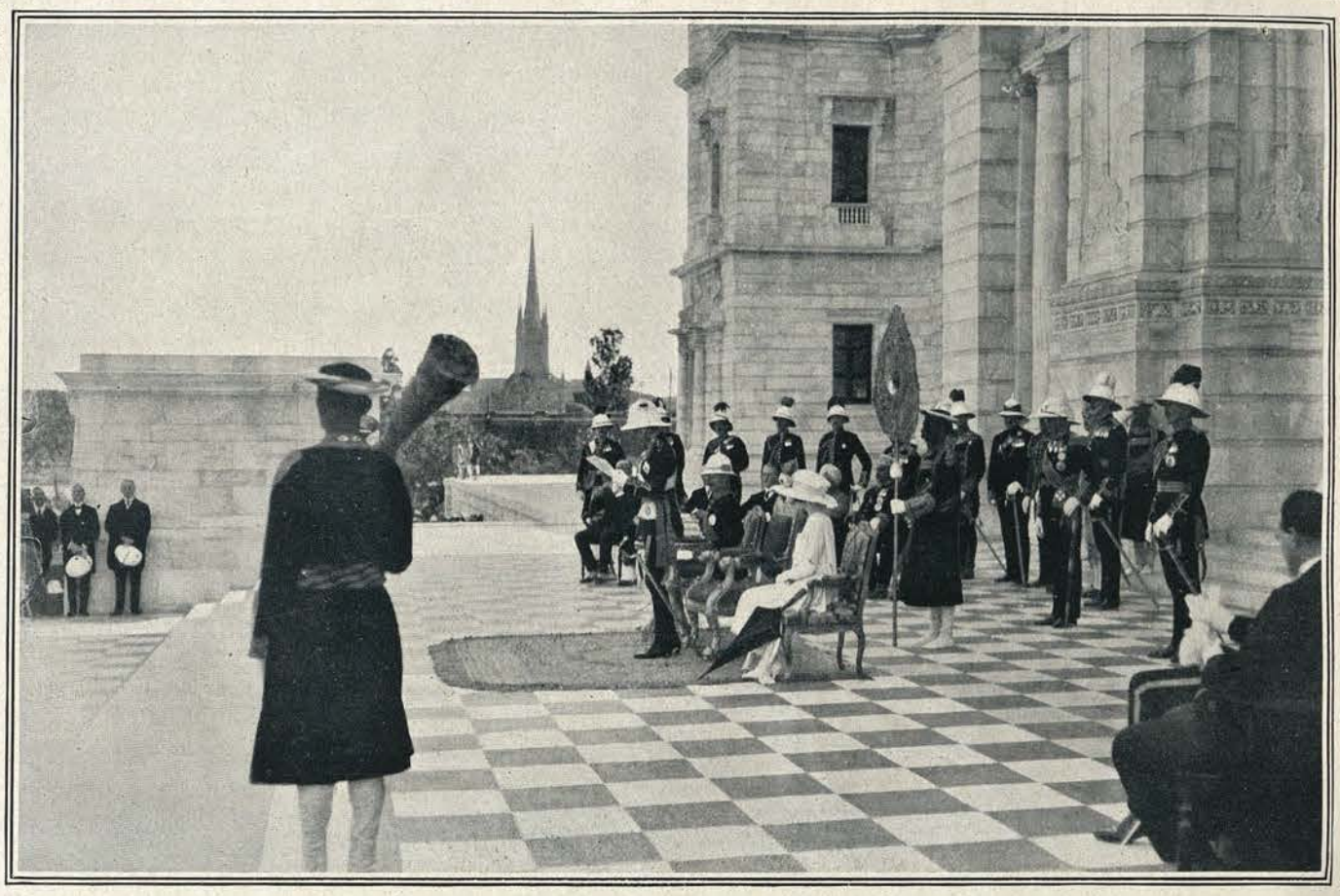
Part of the Calcutta Pageant passing before the Prince.

in themselves, in their number and variety, Fifty thousand, says one, a quarter of a million says another, and the earnest testimony of at least half a dozen declares it to be larger than any crowd they have ever seen.

The pageant itself was a liberal education, combining as it did religion with mythology and history with both. It required the erudition of a Max Muller thoroughly to appreciate its utmost significance. Music, for example, we were informed through the instrumentality of the pageant, is not just the "heavenly maid" of Dryden, nor is it merely the "food of love" on which Shakespeare languished. It is divinity itself. It filled space before creation with an all-pervading sound. But this did not satisfy it. It developed artistic and sacerdotal tendencies and each of its notes took unto itself a colour and a caste, even a presiding deity. From this it was a simple matter for each note to illustrate itself with beautiful pictures of gods and goddesses and their attendant satellites. At the pageant

souls in torment, grinning devils, and evilly imagined beings; ransack the world's clothing stores for coloured fabrics and curious designs; imagine the ponderous gravity with which an inchthyosaurus would dance a *pas seul* and combine in one picture the results. You then arrive at some idea of the Tibetan Lama dance. The intention of the dance is to demonstrate the awful fate which awaits the evil doer in the next world. With such terrifying verisimilitude is it demonstrated that one imagines a high standard of righteousness prevails wherever the dance is common.

The pageant ended with the performance of the Nawroz procession marking the *Murshidabad* new year. It has, one is told, great religious and historical significance, but apart from that it is a thing of beauty. The mind wilts beneath the weight of its magnificence. Principally one remembers a steady procession of changing colours and every variety of ceremonial implement fashioned by man to mark his superiority over his fellows. To



THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL, CALCUTTA: THE PRINCE READING THE SPEECH DECLARING THE MEMORIAL OPEN.

GUESTS DISPERSING AFTER THE CEREMONY.

ordinary mortals ballambardars, tabardars, khasbardars, maheebardars, sontarbardars and chobdars are so many imposing names for much the same thing. But to a Lord Chamberlain they mark much more than the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. They may divide kingship from serfdom. And if progress has destroyed their utility, they still worthily adorn a procession.

On the morning of December 28 the Prince opened, in Regal State, the Victoria Memorial. More than fifteen years had elapsed since the Prince's father, then Prince of Wales, laid the foundation stone of the building which was to be a sign and token to all India of the greatness of Victoria the Good. Measured against the centuries which the Christians of the Middle Ages devoted to the construction of churches worthy of the ardour of their faith, fifteen years may seem but a short span in human endeavour. But in modern times, when one is eager to get on to the next step before the first is well completed, it seems a whole sum of epochs, full of unaccountable delays and intolerable tedium. Yet as one views the

In Rangoon: A typical Burmese Triumphal Arch.

massive square building of white marble and casts the eyes up to the towering dome with which it is surmounted, as one sees the sweep of the approaching causeways and the spreading lakes of ornamental water, and as on the one side one sees the throned figure of the great Victoria and on the other, mounted on a horse and raised upon a lofty arch, a statute of the late King Edward, then one admits the result to be more than worth all the delays. It is a building fit to proclaim to future generations "the glory of an unequalled epoch and the beauty of a spotless name."

The contents of the building form a national museum of unrivalled historical interest—pictures, furniture, statutes, relics, each of which has some intimate association with the India of Victoria's day or with the epoch in which Victorian India was being laboriously welded. The opening ceremony was marked with stately dignity. The Prince, fresh from the cheers and enthusiasm of the crowds along the route from Government House, was received at the entrance to the causeway by Lord Ronaldshay, the Vice-President of the Memorial Trustees. Thence he was conducted in procession to the front of the building's noble entrance archway. There the Trustees of the Memorial were presented to him, upon which Lord Ronaldshay read an address detailing the origin and progress of the memorial scheme.

To this the Prince replied, concluding by declaring the Memorial open. Hereupon, the thousands of spectators seated in front of the building rose and burst into cheers which were taken up and repeated by the distant crowds outside and as the Prince turned to enter the hall on a tour of inspection, the first of a Royal salute of a hundred and one guns came thudding from a battery of guns on the maidan. Thus entered into active existence India's memorial to the greatest monarch in the annals of the British Empire.

The events on the Prince's programme for December 29 were three in number. In the morning the Prince went to Barrackpore by river to present Colours to the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. In the afternoon he attended a garden party given in his honour by His Excellency the Governor. At night there was a dance at Government House.

The following day was free from ceremony. On Saturday, before embarking for Burma, the Prince inspected Calcutta's ex-service-men and unveiled a war memorial raised by Calcutta business men to the memory of those among them who had lost their lives in the war. The Prince departed in the afternoon, embarking on the steam launch PANSY to go downstream to the point where R. I. M. S. DUFFERIN was anchored. He was given a magnificent send-off by a huge crowd at Outram Ghat. Although the departure was private, it lacked neither intense enthusiasm nor picturesqueness. The landing stage was beautifully decorated, and the path leading to the launch was strewn with roses. As the launch moved off, the huge gathering broke into lusty cheers. The Prince, standing on the deck, waved a farewell.

CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE TO BURMA—RANGOON'S GREETING—BURMESE EX-SERVICEMEN—GARDEN PARTY AND THE RACES—OFF TO MANDALAY—PANTOMIMIC SHANS AND THE PAGEANT OF THE TRIBES—BOAT RACES ON THE MOAT—THE RETURN TO RANGOON—WATER FETE ON THE LAKES—THE ROYAL BARGE —FAREWELL TO BURMA.

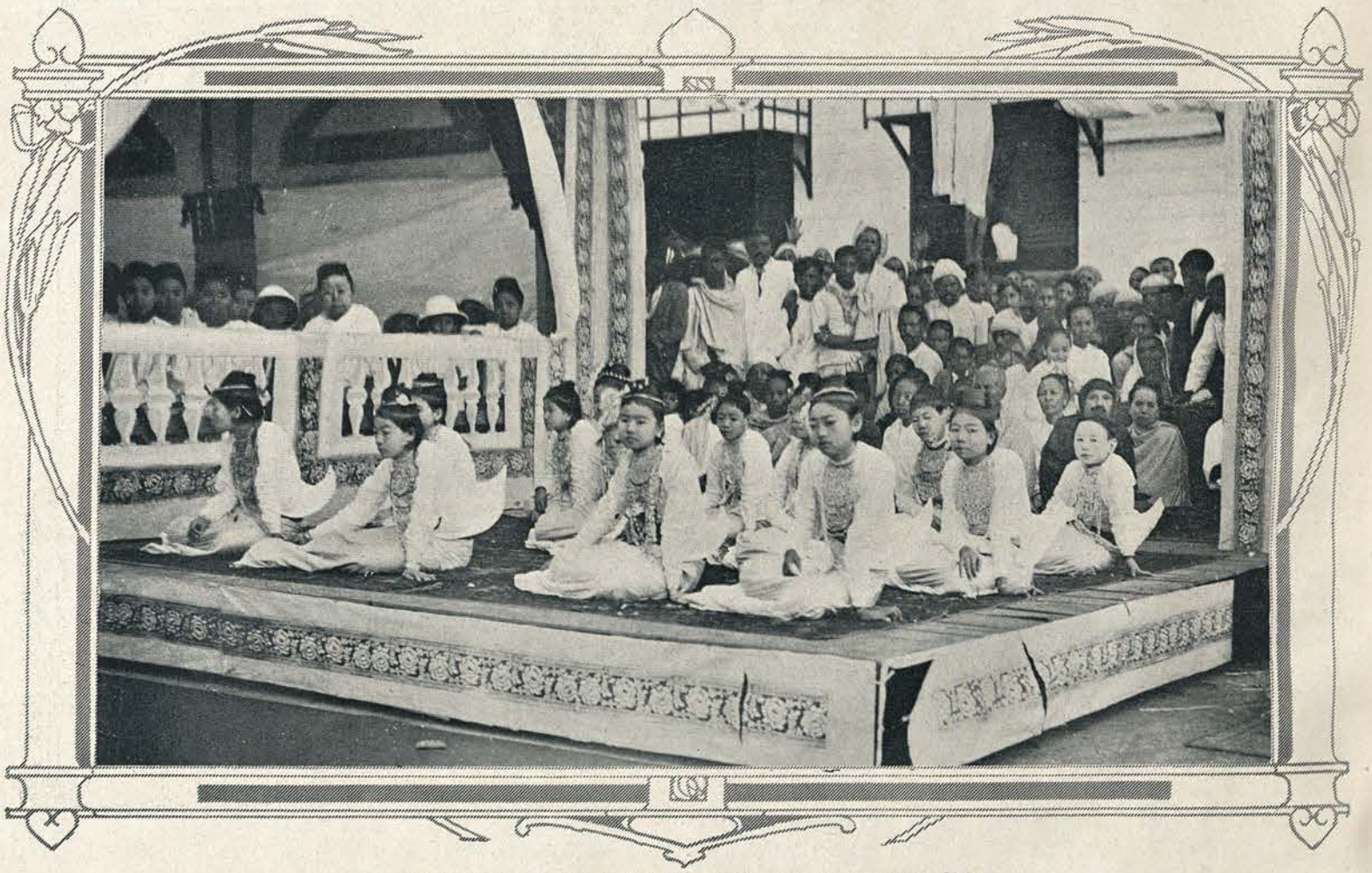
THREE days of peaceful voyaging on the Royal Indian Marine ship DUFFERIN brought the Prince to Rangoon. The voyage itself was remarkable in that it was the first in which many on board had celebrated the New Year at sea. On Saturday evening, between dinner and the death of the Old Year, there were many evidences of sleepy heads. Bridge and talk and music did something to lessen the languour, but bed seemed more inviting than anything else. Yet, a few minutes before midnight, even the most languid suppressed his yawns and put on a factitious alertness for an appearance on deck to witness the Prince ring the requiem of the Old Year and usher in the New with sixteen bells. We stood at attention as the bells rang out on the soft warm air, over-riding the beat and throb of the engines, and, as the last echoes faded over the water, they were succeeded by the solemn murmurs of "A Happy New Year, Sir". Thereafter we joined hands and, in stentorian voices, sang "Auld Lang Syne." And so to bed.

On the morning of the 3rd all on board were up betimes. The vessel had slackened speed and was working up the estuary of the Rangoon River. Soon the groves of palms and banyans, the isolated factories and rice mills, gave place to regions where was more plentiful evidence of habitation and, as the vessel's speed dwindled to dead slow, we knew from the spectacle on the starboard side that we were on the outskirts of the city.

It is not prepossessing this first glimpse—a river front like any other river front in the world, transmuted by commerce. It might be Wapping; it might be Hongkong; it might be Liverpool; nor was there much to distinguish it from the lower reaches of the Hooghly which we had left three days before. Rickety jetties, gaunt warehouses, unsightly mills whose spindle smoke stacks befoul the air, sampans blackened and mud-soaked lying like derelict corpses of river monsters, the coarse brick red of oil tanks and all the apparatus of busy trading hastily gathered so as not to miss the golden moment—these are one's first impressions of Rangoon. But a glimpse of distant trees, a few lofty towers spearing the heavens, and the gilded mass of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, serenely lifting its forehead to the sun and challenging its brilliance, promised something of the beauty which belongs to the capital city of smiling Burma.

To warp alongside the gaily decorated landing jetty was a matter of minutes. The tedious delays attendant on an ordinary landing were absent, as were also the clamour, the shouting, the oaths and confusion. But the landing lacked not noise. It seemed that the guns of the world had somehow found their way to the harbour of Rangoon and blew off estatically as the ship neared her moorings. Cruisers fired a Royal Salute with their heaviest pieces. In shriller tones spoke the voices of an artillery battery on shore, while dominating all was the stupendous roar of the great guns from a fort. The guns kept their own time, so that every five seconds the air shook beneath the terrific vibration. For about ten minutes we had a perfect rendering of an evening strafe on the Somme.

With agile rapidity the vessel was moored. A gangway was fixed at the stern. His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor came on board to extend to the Prince the first official welcome to Burma. Amidst the blare of the National Anthem the Prince landed and slowly paced to the reception pandal wherein a great crowd awaited

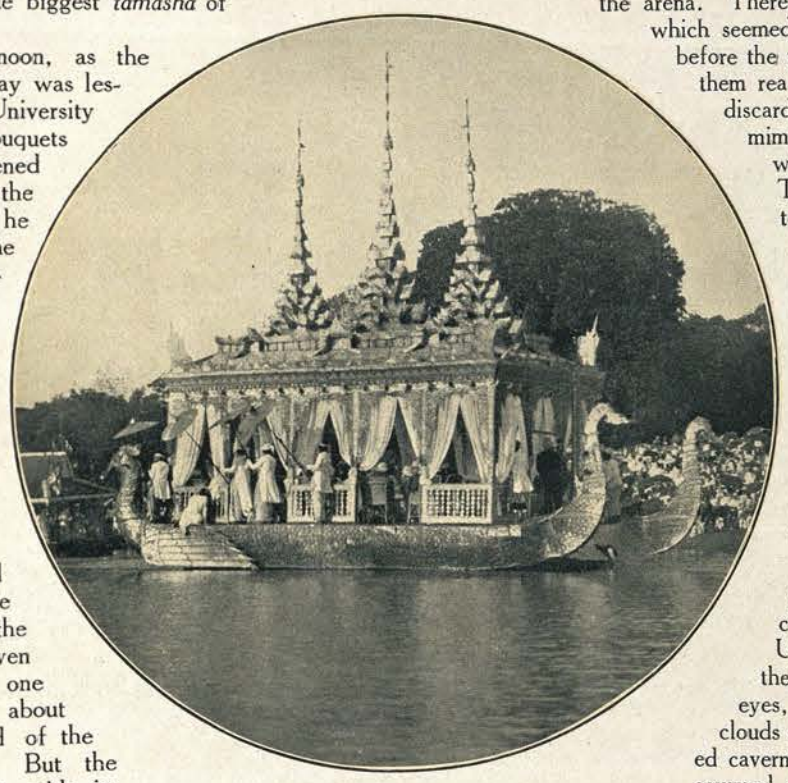


On the Route of the Rangoon Procession: Burmese Singing Girls.

him. Wondrous and gorgeous was the facade of the pandal. Take the altar screen of a Gothic Cathedral; mould it till its summit traces pagoda outlines against the walls; elaborate its fretted tracery to infinity, and then pierce it with arches foliated from top to bottom. Pour over all a film of molten gold and you have an impression of the glittering pavilion in which the Prince received the Rangoon Municipal address.

The ceremony within the pandal was brief. Scarce had the applause and cheers which greeted the Prince's entrance died down than from the front benches stepped forward a little wizened man clad in a resplendent *lungi* of crimson and gold and a spotless white tunic which was adorned with the riband of the British Empire. In clear, slightly hesitating accents, he spoke the address. And thus, out into the streets where the welcome of greater Rangoon awaited the Prince. For this, Rangoon furnished crowds of sightseers which, for clamorous cheerful volume, were never throughout the tour surpassed. And the colour! Vivid scarlets and pinks, glowing purples, staring greens and blue of the deepest cobalt dotted the sidewalks and were repeated in the fillets with which the Burmans bind their heads. Scarcely less ornate were the brocades of the numerous Chinamen who stood on the route with folded hands impassive and expressionless as carved idols. As a contrast and a background were the naked brown skins of Tamil coolies who chattered and grinned to find themselves in probably the biggest *tamasha* of their lives.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, as the intense heat of the Burmese mid-day was lessening, the Prince drove to the University College. There he received bouquets from the women students and listened to an address of welcome from the University Senate. Thence he went on to Dalhousie Park in the midst of whose beautiful pleasaunces he reviewed about a thousand ex-servicemen. Here occurred an amusing interlude. As the Prince got into his car before departing, a young man, who had served with the Anzacs, took off his hat and shouted "three cheers for the dinky Prince." A saturnine Scot, waiting till the cheers had ceased and busily turning over in his mind the contents of the Almanach de Gotha, shouted "three cheers for the Duke of Rothesay." They were given and, as the Prince drove away, one listened hopefully for mutterings about Great Steward of Scotland, Lord of the Isles and even Earl of Chester. But the gathering appeared to be content with its double exhibition of genealogic lore and made no further variation on the Prince's title.



Rangoon Water Fete: The Royal Barge on the Lake.

A proclamation parade, a little polo in the morning, a garden party at Government House in the afternoon, and a dinner at the Pegu Club followed by a dance at the Gymkhana occupied the Prince during the second day of the visit. The proclamation parade was the usual New Year's Day parade held over for a couple of days so that the Prince might be present. The garden party in the afternoon was mostly mob. For once in a while the ample grounds of Government House were made to look like the back yard of a cottage. The crowd filled them and spilled over the edges. Outside, a maelstrom of motor cars and carriages, boiling and bubbling, threatened to pour further streams of humanity into the surcharged reservoir. It was a very hearty crowd. True, the Englishmen looked, as usual on such occasions, martyrs to duty, with top hats and morning coats—what a garb for a tropical afternoon!—assisting their perspiring mournfulness. But their womenfolk looked radiant, an aspect more easily achieved in silk and satin than in broadcloth. Even happier was the aspect of the pretty little Burmese ladies. Perhaps this was due to the perfect unanimity with which they made for the ices, from which, one surmises, it became very difficult to detach them.

On the third day a race meeting was held at the Race Course. Racing in Burma is taken with as concentrated seriousness as elsewhere. But it is none the less comic for that, for the snark is a boojum, that is the horses are ponies. Still the ponies, small though they be, contrived to furnish an afternoon of excellent sport to the Prince and the large crowd of race-goers. For the Prince on his departure was reserved a demonstration almost unique. Hundreds of Burmans pulled off their silk head-dresses and waved them as he passed, a greeting given to the former kings of Burma but practically to none since. Enthusiasm again was the keynote of the scenes at the Prince's departure for Mandalay. At the station, there were many women among the crowd and they called out phrases in Burmese which mean "How lovable and young he is! How simple and friendly he has shown himself to all of us!"

After a nineteen hours' railway journey, the Prince arrived in Mandalay towards evening on January 5. There he saw many quaint and novel things. But none was so quaint and novel as the pageant of the tribes enacted by the Shan chiefs and tribesmen and the water fete on the moat by Government House. Some hundreds of Shans—the tribes which inhabit the inaccessible hills and glens of northern Burma—had come down to Mandalay in order to deck a princely holiday. Two miles from the walls of Mandalay Fort they had made their encampment—rude huts raised on piles. Adjacent to the camp had been prepared an arena for the pageant. For the Prince and other guests had been erected a pavilion, typically Burmese in its foliated arches, its lavish gold hues and its pervasive fretted screens. But there was nothing Burmese about a wide enclosure at the side of the arena. Therein was penned a crowd of beings which seemed to be the phantasmogoria that pass before the vision of a brain-fevered man. Grant them reality and they might have been the discarded dragons of a Drury Lane pantomime, or the demi-gods and half-men who stride across Wagnerian opera. There they squatted, just like a mad tea party in Wonderland. Before them, the reason tottered. It refused to give credence to their reality. Yet they moved. They quarrelled in simulated savagery, chattering and grunting, squeaking and groaning. And then one realised that the whole thing was a glorious grotesque caricature of the animals familiar to the Shans.

The tribesmen had taken upon themselves the shapes of gnus, xebecs, yaks, llamas, tigers, panthers, elephants, buffaloes, peacocks, chanteclers and the despised rooster. Upon the shapes they had expended their imagination till, with red beady eyes, with fleece fleecier than the white clouds at evening, with mouths that yawned cavernously in shapes which no mouth has assumed since the Saurians left the earth, with whiskers that wiggled like an anxious flea, with colours that would have made a chameleon always green with envy, they made of them monstrous beings that first made one giggle, then laugh, then hold the sides in splitting merriment. And when they came to pass before the eyes of the Prince, each wild and woolly animal accompanied by unearthly musicians and mentors who egged them on to greater and more ludicrous contortions, when the yak, whose fore and hind quarters had revelled in an ecstasy of writhing, nearly came in pieces through the exuberance of its own sinuosity, when the elephant jazzed and lolloped clumsily in measure with the thin music which floated in the air, and when the xebec or the gnu grew tired of the eccentric behaviour of his own hinder parts and seized him bodily and carried him pick-a-back round the arena, the Prince and the thousands of spectators rocked in inextinguishable laughter.

Their ability in pantomimic farce was not all the tribesmen had to show. Their art has more serious aspects. They dance and sing. As to dancing, that of the Cossack tribes, which is capable of a robust aestheticism, is more agreeable than that of the Shans. The music is pleasing without being ambitious. Its makers are content with about three notes. Instrumentally, they are produced by gongs and vast tabors and, in the highest development, feeble-toned reeds. One deluded band smote bamboos of various lengths. The result, an incredibly modest whine, might have been drowned if a mosquito had so much as whispered to its mate.

The dancing procession of the tribes reached its apogee when the beautiful ladies of the Padaungs passed before the view. Like the "Heathen Chinee," the dress of these ladies is peculiar, and in one particular. They wear a neck band of brass tubing, which varies from five to twenty-five coils according to the age of the woman The tubing is about one quarter of an inch in diameter. The growing girl begins to wear this ornament as early as possible and fresh coils are added as she grows. The object of the ornament, one is told, is to lengthen the neck as much as possible, a long neck being a mark of beauty. One suspects this explanation as an afterthought. The horrid implement, one feels sure, was invented by some jealous Padaung husband who had found his wife indulging, as the Americans say, "in rubber neck at some other guy." He decided to confine his wife's neck in bands of brass so that her roving eye might not rove far, and the practice grew by its own merits. For, with a stiff neck, it is vain to attempt coquettishness. As well might a patient with lockjaw seek to be eloquent.

The water fete was part of the entertainment provided at a Government House garden party given on the last day of the visit to Mandalay. The venue of the garden party could not have been more charming. Backed by the crenellated walls of the house, an old-time palace of teak, long rectangular strips of lawn, divided at intervals by pathways, sloped gently to the edge of the waters of the old moat. On these were congregated the guests. On the farther bank of the moat were tens of thousands of the city populace. They were there to see the Prince but also to witness their favourite spectacle—boat-racing

It is a goodly spectacle. The boats themselves, hacked and hewn and tapered from great teak logs, are something not quite savage war canoe and something less than gondola. The boat is packed with rowers who swing their paddles in a quick and rhythmic stroke, keeping time the while with a wild, unmusical chant. But it is in a race, boat against boat and crew against crew, that they are seen at their best. The rowers' teeth are set so that the boat song comes out muffled and harsh. The energy of Titans is in the paddle strokes. The sweat gleams bright against the dark sheen of their bodies. And as they near the winning post, prow in line with prow, howled on by their supporters on the bank, cymbals and trumpets and drums burst forth into rapturous noise, exciting the rowers to expend the last ounce of their energies.

More novel still are the boats in which the women row. Here the rowers seize the paddle with one hand. With the other they hold a rail which runs down the boat's middle from stem to stern. Round the paddle they twine the outer leg and so smite the water. As can be easily imagined the leverage on the water is tremendous and the pace, if it does not exceed that of the paddlers, is at any rate more easily maintained over long distances The only disadvantage is that the stroke causes such a flurry in the water that gallons are shipped in every few yards. True a wretched member of the crew crouches within the belly of the boat and bails like fury. But in a close race, one imagines, it is sometimes a question of which boat is to remain unswamped before the winning post is reached.

Besides witnessing a couple of races the Prince met and conversed with about fifty Indian and Burmese officers who were present. The Royal party left Mandalay on its return journey to Rangoon at nine thirty.

On his return to Rangoon on Sunday evening the Prince received a great welcome. It was to have been a private arrival, but it was made public at the request of several of Rangoon's leading citizens. Admission was given to the station, actually on to the arrival platform, a privilege which was eagerly used and resulted in a serried mass of humanity behind the red carpet upon which a distinguished foot always alights at a railway station. Such late-comers—and they were many—who had failed to gain admission to the station, had to seek what accommodation they could find in the station yard. But disappointment did not in the least dim their enthusiasm which was tumultuous.

Burmese Leg-Rowers on the Mandalay Moat.

The great event of Monday was the regatta on the Royal Lake. The love of boats and boat-racing is as keen in Rangoon as in Mandalay. Set a Burman in a boat and he will dance and sing to the imminent danger of its capsizing. If he does not sink the boat under him, then he will proceed to propel it through the water, gently and lazily, like a gondolier on holiday. But when he proposes to himself—as he did on this day—to hold a festival of boats, he will work with body and soul to create the last beauties of fairyland. He will ransack his imagination for images in the shape of which he may mould his prows. He will rifle the rainbow to deck the gunwales, and, against the coming of night, he will steal the fires of heaven to make his boat shine through the darkness.

On the Royal Lake he did all that, and more, in order to produce a pageant worthy of a visit from the Prince. He succeeded. He succeeded nobly. Boats in hundreds floated indolently on the water, looking in their vivid disguises like brilliant butterflies. The paddlers sang as they swung languidly to and fro. At times a vast shouting arose from the banks, and two long, slim, narrow craft, propelled like fury by what looked like shouting fiends, went hurtling past.

invading the colour picture on the retina with the news that a boat race was nearing a thrilling finish.

But the greatest moment of all came when the Prince, arrived on the Lake's bank, stepped on to the Royal barge, a wondrous thing all gold and colour, decked with the grinning masks of dragons and surmounted with a gilded pagoda. As it slowly glided upon the calm waters, drawn like a chariot by boats, with youth singing at the prow and pleasure dancing at the helm, it looked like the barge in which Cleopatra languished on the Nile or that in which the Roman Empress Claudia received the homage of patrician courtiers. Down the Lake for a mile the barge was drawn, the noise of the drums and the music and the singing of the boatmen overwhelmed and drowned by the shouts of the people on the banks. As the barge turned and came slowly along the farther bank, now gleaming in the sunlight, now a dark mass in the heavy shade of trees from projecting promontories, and again concealed by an intervening island, the packed onlookers, whose brilliant robes in the bright light looked like flowers upon a sloping garden, waved and huzzaed and smote each other heartily on the back, as who should say "this is the goods, the real goods and nothing but the goods." The traditional attitude of Burmans towards any of Royal blood is one of self-effacing humility, silent and prayerful. But they learn rapidly, and have readily exchanged the gloom of servility for joyous acclamation.

The Prince, after he landed from the barge, waited to see a race rowed and then witnessed a few bouts of Burmese boxing which had been arranged. Thus far the Marquis of Queensberry is unknown in Burma. All things are legitimate to a Burmese boxer. He may kick. He may smite with the hands or jab with the elbows or seek to wind his opponent with his knees. He may even tickle—if he has time. In the result, the boxing becomes a glorious, ridiculous, scrambling rough-and-tumble. Whosoever is knocked down first is adjudged to be the loser. The soundest tactics, apparently, is to keep a respectful distance off, try to induce your opponent to kick you, then seize his leg and pull hard. He falls ignobly and the palm and the laurels are yours. The boxers the Prince saw were greatly amusing. They looked so wildly ferocious and bloodthirsty. But the result of all the leaping and smashing was as if a pair of turtle doves had come to words over the matutinal worm. At night the Prince drove round to see the Lakes lit by illuminations. On the great Lake the boats, festooned with lanterns, moved like fireflies on the water while the fairy-lamps in the trees "hung upon the cheek of night, like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

Two pictures abide fresh in the memory of the final scenes at the Prince's departure on Tuesday morning—the seething crowds which came to the jetty and the streets adjacent to wave farewell and the even vaster crowds that, for at least a mile of its length, lined the banks of the Rangoon River, and cheered till their voices failed, the hulks and the wharves, and the compounds of the rice mills far downstream, from each of which, faint from distance, came the sound of farewell cheers, then, last sight of all, a dim purple haze marking Rangoon city with a glorious ball of ruddy gold, splendidly gleaming, o'ertopping all.

The Prince arrives in Madras: Presentation of the Municipal Address.

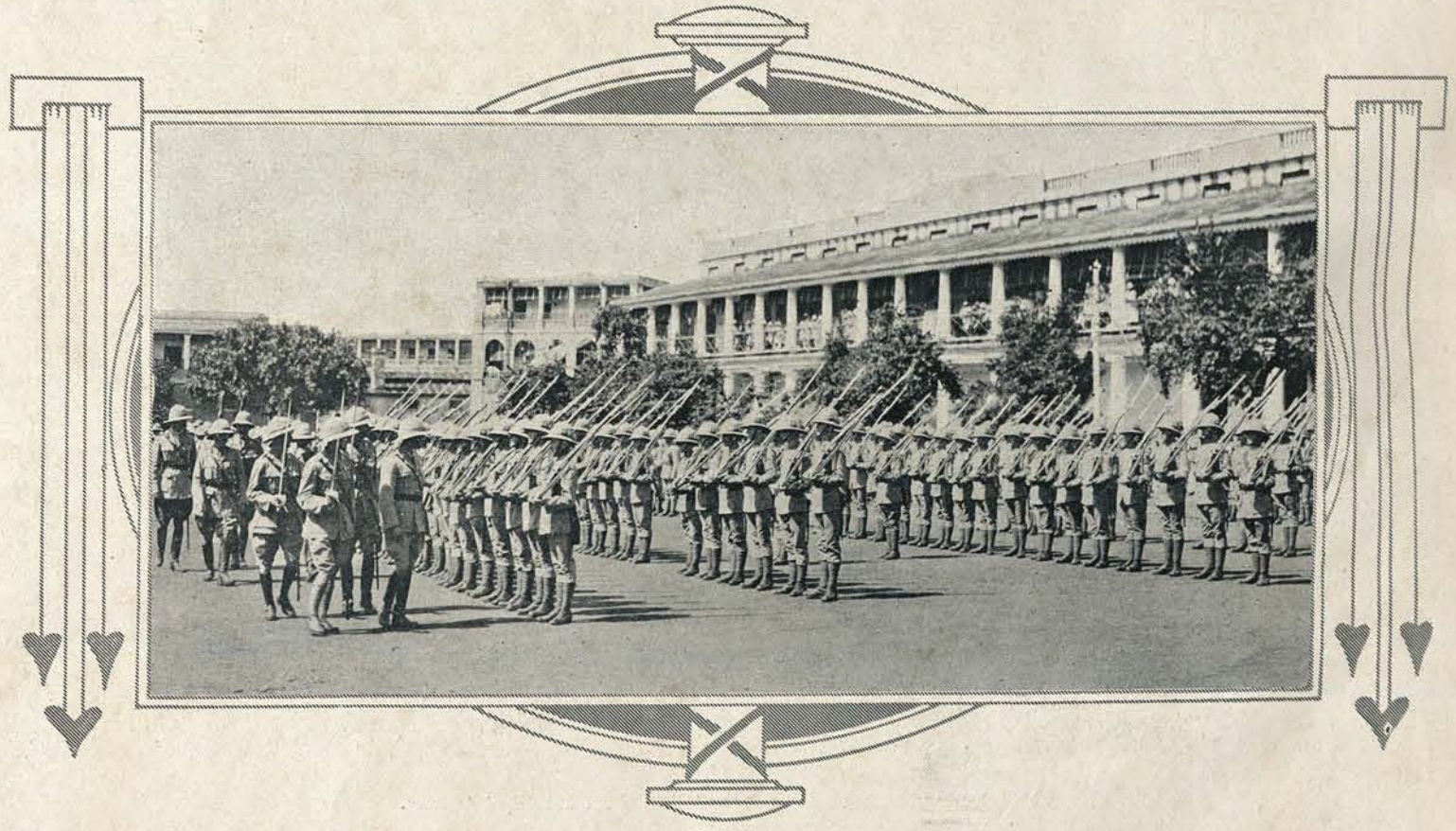
CHAPTER VI.

MADRAS: THE CITY OF DISTANCES—STUDENTS GREET THE PRINCE—CROWDS AT THE RACES—THE CHILDREN'S DAY: WONDERFUL SCENES—THE ADYAR CLUB DANCE—A DAY IN BANGALORE—MYSORE: PAGEANTRY AND UTILITY—IN THE JUNGLE: AFTER TIGER: THE CAPTURE OF WILD ELEPHANTS—THE PRINCE IN HYDERABAD—THE NIZAM'S CHANGING CAPITAL—AN INSPIRING MILITARY REVIEW.

MADRAS enjoys no such romantic approach from the sea as does Rangoon or Bombay. A low flat coastline, broken only by trees and roofs dimly discerned, the masts and the funnels of shipping dwarfed by distance and the uninteresting pile of the Port Trust buildings—that is all. It is not an approach worthy of the place where the first settlements of British traders were made in Jacobean times, the place that witnessed the early growth of British power in the country and the birth of a common cause between the English and the Indians which was finally to culminate in a common share in the destinies of the Empire.

But, beyond the shore, within the city, there are a multitude of historic spots which recall the glories of the past to the pondering mind. They are deep-rooted, for there can be few cities in India which have retained in active use up to the present day so many of the buildings of the past and maintain unchanged the characteristics of a departed epoch. Madras always was a city of great distances. It is so to-day. Most of the places one may desire to get to are at the back of beyond in relation to one's dwelling place. Yet there are compensations. Distance here means spaciousness, air, light, roomy gardens that wear almost the mien of an English park, an opportunity of building and occupying bungalows like ancient English manor houses and of embowering them amidst groves and avenues of trees. But, just because of the evident charm of its rural aspect, the visitor to Madras fails to take it seriously as a city. It spreads and sprawls about and affronts the compact urbanity of other more closely-knit civic communities. It is like a growing brother, who seems to have finally and irrevocably grown out of his clothes and to have made up his mind to thrust still farther out of his original garments his slowly lengthening, broadening frame.

At the water-gate of this Peter Pan among cities the Dufferin arrived in the early morning of January 13. The Prince, on landing, was received by the Governor of Madras, Lord Willingdon and, after receiving and replying to a municipal address, left in procession for Government House. The crowds—at least eighty thousand people—gave him a welcome which was nowhere surpassed for enthusiasm in the tour. The same notes of enthusiasm were struck at the official ceremonies, first at the Legislative Council Chamber, where the Prince received and replied to an address of welcome and then at the University function. Primarily, this latter was an official ceremony, the object which was to present *khillats* to certain learned pundits—be it known that *khillats* are a survival of the old imperial days when the Emperors, pleased with the learning displayed by the wise men at their Court, would confer upon them, as a mark of distinction, a scarf and a turban. The survival is chiefly interesting in that it serves as a link between the old learning of India and the modern sciences and humanities.



Inspecting the Royal Leinster Regiment in the Fort, Madras.

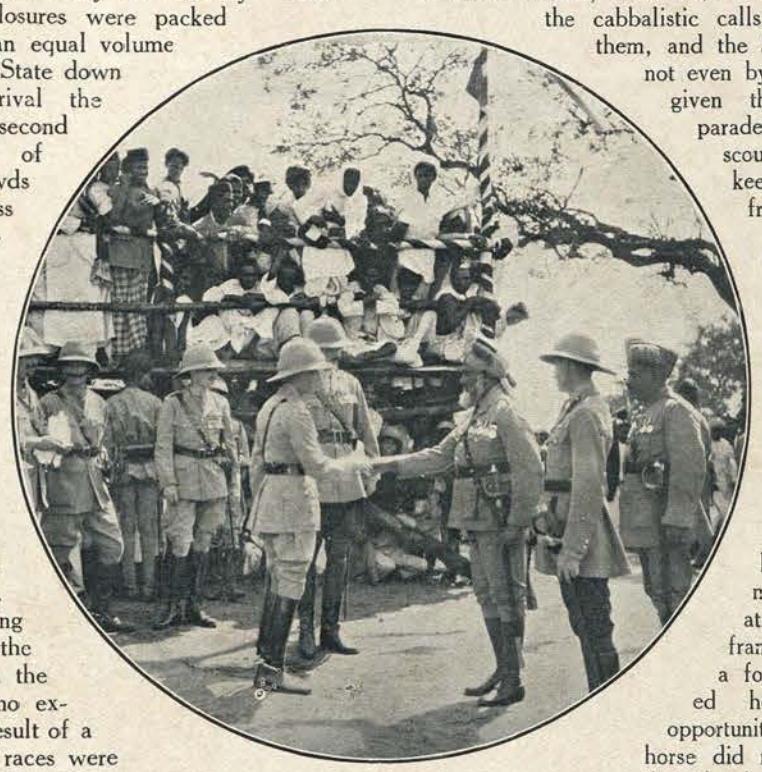
More impressive than the official ceremony was the part taken by the university students. There were five hundred of these present. They represented all faculties—arts, science, medicine and law. They were as cheerful and intelligent a body of young Indians as may be found anywhere. As each guest entered the hall they applauded. They cheered their professors, some of them perfunctorily—these, one imagines, were prone to use the plough—and others with warmth and decision—those obviously give an examinee the benefit of the doubt. So, by the time the Prince entered the hall, conducted in procession by the Chancellor, they were in excellent form and let go with a will. They pressed forward from their places. The rear ranks stood on tip-toe only because there were no chairs to stand on. For a space of several minutes they cheered. The Prince smiled and nodded and saluted and it was only when the Vice-Chancellor, stepping forward to deliver his oration, held up an expostulatory hand that they gave over and lapsed into an un-

easy silence which was broken periodically by fresh outbursts of cheering. Thus it was that the pick of young Madras set the seal on the sentiments expressed earlier by the body of the people.

But there were shadows in the picture. Early in the morning a number of Mahomedans gathered outside a mosque. There passed before them many people on their way to see the Prince. This did not seem good to the Mahomedans, who were non-co-operators and, being vowed to peace, they promptly—as is the way of non-violent non-co-operators—threw stones at the passers-by and hit them with sticks. Retaliation followed, and soon there arose a vivid "scrap." Much the same thing happened elsewhere. But the violence was restricted, never spread and failed entirely to keep the people off the streets, its main intention. Later, there was a recrudescence. Decorations were torn, defaced and broken. Assaults on the occupants of carriages and motor cars were made. An attempt (unsuccessful) was made to break into one cinema hall and another was broken into and wrecked, one of the rioters being shot in the attack. Troops and armoured cars were called out and patrolled the streets. It was enough. The flare of disorder died down, nor was it renewed during any of the subsequent days of the Prince's visit.

Apprehensions raised by the riots on Friday had, fortunately, no adverse effects on the numbers who attended the subsequent functions arranged in honour of the Prince. Thus, there was no diminution of the numbers of race-goers at Guindy on Saturday. Rather were they enhanced. All the enclosures were packed and from all the enclosures came an equal volume of enthusiasm as the Prince drove in State down the course. Shortly after his arrival the Prince walked through the first and second enclosures. There the scenes of Poona were re-enacted. The crowds pressed round him, making progress difficult. They called to him indistinguishable greetings. They cheered and they shouted, seeking, it seemed, by the sheer force of their clamour to keep the Prince among them. Bulky policemen and smiling *aides* had much ado to secure a passage through the enclosures for the Prince, who was like to be engulfed by the good-humoured cheering crowd.

The chief event was the race for the Prince of Wales' Cup. The little gods who watch over racing always contrived a fine race for the cups presented by the Prince to the Indian Turf Clubs. Madras was no exception, a splendid finish being the result of a well fought race. For the rest, the races were a brilliant social function, decked by toilettes the most beautiful and the most ravishing and a perfect forest of "toppers."



The Prince with Madras Pensioners.

After the races the Prince was entertained by the Cosmopolitan Club, which is a social meeting place for members of all communities. The gathering there was representative of the leading men of Madras. Several hundreds of the members thronged the club's big reception hall. Immediately on arrival, when the necessary formalities of introduction had been completed, the Prince was conducted to the first floor where he witnessed the performance of a short Indian drama. At night there was a banquet at Government House, followed by a delightful amateur variety "show" in the durbar hall.

Children have a hard time in this world. They are entirely at the beck and call of unsympathetic grown-up parents and teachers who regard them mostly in the light of intolerable nuisances to be borne with because of what they will become. Some day, perhaps, a Garibaldi among children will arise and wring from reluctant parents and others in authority over them a child's *Magna Charta*. In the meantime, they must rest content with utter dependence and write in their copy books those beautiful maxims which enjoin that they be seen and not heard and that they must obey and honour their parents' behests no matter how firmly convinced they be of their utterly footling character. Even on a Royal visit, the chain is little loosened. The child is not treated as one who comes "trailing clouds of glory" from the great infinity. He is useful as the Roman people was to Coriolanus. He is a voice. He is enthusiasm. When his self-conscious elders restrain the natural surge of joyous greeting he is invariably to be relied on to express his soul in cheering and shrill noise. For reward, he gets a fleeting glimpse of the Prince, once, perhaps twice, but nothing else. He doesn't even come in with the dessert at banquets. He would be trampled into the turf at garden parties. And the wondrous ceremonial on which grown mankind prides himself would put him to sleep. On Monday morning in Madras, however, for a short time he had matters all his own way. He organised, for a time and hour at which his elders are just beginning to take an interest in the visible world, a show in which he was IT entirely and alone. First as specialised Boy Scout and Girl Guide, and later as undifferentiated school child, he showed how he can take his place with the best of them in the honouring of the Prince.

The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides paraded in the grounds of Government House long before eight o'clock in the morning. Paraded is scarcely the word, for in accordance with the ceremonial which scoutdom has evolved, the Scouts, troop by troop, lay "doggo" in the tree clumps, only the Cubs being visible. After His Royal Highness had arrived and there had been duly presented to him the Scout Commissioners, the Assistant Commissioners and other officials of the movement, the rally of the scouts began. There was no time for all the "stunts" which pertain to a full dress rally. Those wondrous evolutions usually performed, which leave the uninitiated bereft of breath, were cut short, but the howls, the charging rush, the cabbalistic calls with a wealth of meaning within them, and the Scouts' cheers, which are surpassed not even by the cheering of soldiers, were all given the freest play. There were on parade at a rough guess a thousand scouts. It is testimony to the great keenness of the scouts that they came from all over the Presidency, at least seventeen districts and towns being represented by the units on parade.

For sheer numbers and representativeness, however, the scouts and the guides had to yield place to the school children as such. Arranged each group under the banner of the school they belonged to, the children stretched in a hollow square all round the Island. As the Island is at least a thousand yards long by as many broad, it must have needed at least ten thousand children to frame it. The Prince rode round at a foot pace. At the first section visited he paused to give a little girl an opportunity to present him a bouquet. His horse did not approve. Thinking evidently that the bunch of blossoms contained carrots r hay or even more savoury morsels, he would not stay broadside on, persisting in edging away so that he always fronted the flowers, for ever hoping that he might get his teeth into them. But his floriverous tendencies were foiled and the flowers were finally presented. All the children went wild with enthusiasm as the Prince passed. They cheered shrilly and continuously and their cheers were taken up by great crowds who had gathered on the outer edges of the island or the roads beyond. Most of the schools had something to show the Prince—pretty dancing in costume, singing and exercises. All had at least enthusiasm to offer.

Later in the day the Prince reviewed on the Island and in the Fort the police, a battalion of the Leinsters and ex-service men. The Leinsters embody an Irish bull in that originally they were a Canadian Regiment, becoming Irish by transmigration or some such trick. They were a hard-bitten lot, obviously in the pink of condition, fresh from the arduous task of reducing the rebellious Moplah country.

The ex-servicemen's parade was both large and enthusiastic. The number on parade was close on four thousand, all Indians, many veterans and most of them decorated. As soon as His Royal Highness arrived, they began to cheer. They cheered as he walked between the ranks and they were still cheering louder than ever, if it were possible, when he left. Fifteen minutes' solid cheering is something to be proud of.

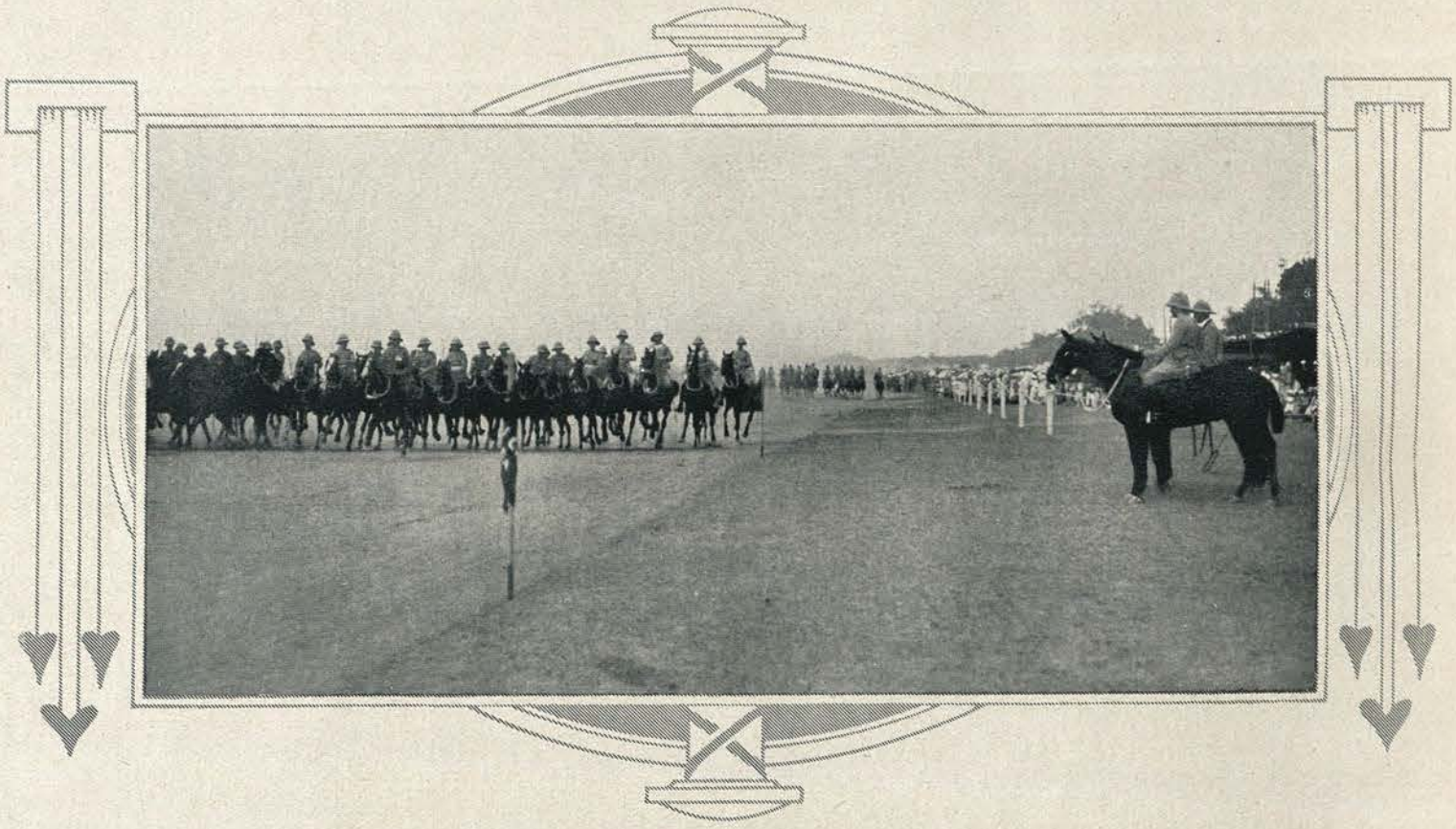
The concluding days of the Prince's visit to Madras were, on the whole, quiet. Polo at Guindy occupied several afternoons. On

Monday night there was a dance given by the Adyar Club. On Tuesday afternoon there were the races, which the Prince attended informally, and at night, before the visit ended in a blaze of fireworks, the Prince was the guest of the Madras Club at dinner. Of all these functions, perhaps the most pleasant was the dance at Adyar. The Club there enjoys a site unsurpassed by any other in India. Perched on the top of a bluff which slopes down to the broad and placid waters of the Adyar river and surrounded by well-wooded country which looks like an oak-studded English park, the pillars and the cupola of the club buildings are always things of beauty. They become, on a moonlight night, dream-like and ethereal in their loveliness. On the night of the dance, the Club committee sought to paint the lily. It was a daring but successful attempt. With festoons of cherry blossom, bougainvillea and wisteria and with a rich subdued lighting scheme of crimson and mauve they had bettered the best of nature. For three days they had laboured, and their labours and the play of their artistic sensibilities produced a setting for a dance which could not have been more charming. The weather also, never very satisfactory in Madras, had decided to smile on the occasion. The coolness of the evening really did exist and was not merely a *facon de parler* as a concession to the calendar. No wonder that there was the keenest desire on the part of the Club members to achieve tickets. No wonder that the floors of the three ball rooms were crowded until long after midnight and that more than half the guests stayed till the last two-step faded softly into "God Save the King."

Air crystal clear and cool, distant hills, a wide undulating plain starred with trees from which peeped white walls and red roofs, and over all a filtered sunlight as in a Constable picture—these were one's first impressions of the approach to Bangalore on the morning of January 18. The heavy oppressive air, the dew-soaked heat, the illusive nocturnal coolness and the physical and spiritual languours of Madras seemed farther distant than the night's journey that separated them from us. There was temperate warmth, not heat. There seemed nothing tropical, no exuberance of shrubs or trees, no flamboyance of colour. Only the ceaseless harsh cawing of the crows spoke authentically of India.

But if the climate was temperate, not so the enthusiasm of the people when the Prince drove among them. The share they took in the welcome given him was magnificent. Two miles separated the railway station from the Residency. Every yard of it was packed with the folk of the city. The wilier birds among them, determined, as it were, to get their money's worth, had taken up positions on the open ground which was skirted on more than one side by the processional route. They waited long enough to see the Prince pass and to cheer him and then off they went, helter skelter, over the open space to cut off the procession and once more give the Prince greeting. Still others, who desired to see even more, but whose humble lot in life did not entitle them to the *laisser passer* of invitation cards, improvised grandstands of the trees and the benches in Cubbon Park whence they were witnesses not only of the Prince in procession but also of the reading of the municipal address and the Prince's reply thereto. And how they cheered! The claim of the non-co-operators to possess all the enthusiasm and devotion of which the country is capable looked singularly insubstantial against the eagerness and the ardour of the crowds at the arrival ceremonies in Bangalore.

Later, when the Prince reviewed the troops in the station and again when he played polo, the people gave themselves an encore. Clamorously they assembled round the parade ground and, when the Prince arrived, a perfect square was fenced with thousands of people. Greater in volume because it was compact, not diffused, the cheering of these thousands had the same undoubted flavour of enthusiasm and joy as the earlier greeting. There could be no doubt that Bangalore was intensely glad to see the Prince and that the people were taking the greatest care that all should know it. Their one regret appeared to be that the Prince was to stay in Bangalore only for a day and that he must depart at night for Mysore.



At Bangalore: The Queen's Bays galloping past the Prince.

Of Mysore it is written:—"The streets are broad and regular and there are many substantial houses two or three storeys high with terraced roofs. The town has a neat and thriving look, and the sanitation has been much attended to by the municipality." Admirable summing up! A model city, clean and inviting, modern and orderly. Yet even in modern Mysore the old tradition lingers, the tradition of Tipoo Sultan and Hyder Ali, the pomp and circumstance of earlier days. It can still on occasion be the "gorgeous East." The Prince's arrival was such an occasion. Then the correct gentility of the streets had to make the best of the flamboyant pageantry which survives as an expression of the welcome of one Prince to another. They did not look at their ease so, though they tolerated with fortitude the soldiery who marched and took their stations along them. But they expired before the array of men-at-arms, clasping tall pikes, of chobdars, holding the gilded baubles which have descended from the Moghuls as symbols of sovereignty, of glittering

mounted bodyguards and of individuals even more majestically arrayed. Everywhere pageantry triumphed. Utility and modernity shrank humiliated and crushed into the background.

But shortly after the initial ceremonies of the Prince's arrival, modernity and utility invited attention to themselves with a modest cough. Into the midst of the pageantry they thrust that typically utile and modern product a municipality, which proceeded to present an address. But even here it was not left undisturbed. The address was as if read to a company of deaf men by a mute. It was not heard. All the time of the reading, pageantry, through the mouths of silver conches, asserted its presence and brayed in insolent self-importance. It beat upon tabors and drums, it clashed cymbals and it skirled through reeds. It rent the heaven with noise. Hence, a more confidential affair than the reading of the address can seldom have occurred. Talk about lending an ear! The Prince leaned stooping from his chair, holding his ear towards the municipal president, who poured in his winged words. So also with the reply. Even so, doubtless a few were spilled and never reached their intended destination.

After the municipality, having nobly battled against adversity, had retired from the scene, pageantry once again came forward to gesticulate. But it did so more subduedly. The occasion was the interchange of visits between host and Royal guest. For this, the setting was the palace of the Maharaja, which is beyond doubt to be numbered among the half dozen of India's most beautiful buildings. Not only are its lines a fine embodiment of an architect's vision, but they are enhanced by wonderful carvings in wood and porphyry. Somewhere within the palace there is that astonishing throne of ivory and gold and silver around which multitudinous legends cling but which experienced so prosaic a rebirth in a lumber room when the British took Seringapatam. It was in the palace that the State banquet was held, a banquet followed by a musical entertainment. Again, on the following evening, the Prince was present in the Palace to hear a performance of Indian music by some of India's leading instrumentalists. Outside, in the big palace courtyard, to which free admission had been given, there had gathered several thousands of the city populace, women for the most part. For a few moments the Prince appeared on one of the palace balconies. The crowd greeted him in the old oriental manner. Women held up their babes as if for blessing, and many prostrated themselves. When the Prince came to leave, they gave him more modern greeting, crowding clamorously round his moving car, which drove very slowly through the cheering throng.

Motoring for some fifty miles from Mysore to Karapur, the Prince and a party of guests spent Saturday, Sunday and part of Monday in the lap of nature, living a page or two from "The Jungle Book." It began a couple of miles from the Capital, for it is just about that point where the road shakes itself free of ordered urbanity and stretches itself out into primeval India. But primeval India where the soil and its fruitfulness, seed-time and harvest, are the beginning and end of man's philosophy, is not immune to the idea of kingship and royalty. Every hamlet, every small group of steadings worth the dignity of a name, sent forth ambassadors to convey greetings to the Prince. The young men were, for the most part, working in the fields. But the elders and the children and, above all, the women—some in the peasant's indigo *sari*, a few in gayer plumes, and all garlanded with flowers—provided a worthy and a vocal embassy.

The people of Mysore gathering in the Palace compound to greet the Prince.

The courtesy and veneration of the peasants, however, were not the business of the day. Neither were the beautiful valleys athwart which the route rose and fell and which, by their fertility, their lakes and the encompassing purple of the far hills reminded the travellers some of the vales and scaurs of Westmoreland, others of the hills and glens of Scotland. The business on which the expedition

was bent began to appear when cultivation ceased and gave place to the jungle—thick, dark, mysterious; the jungle where the rule of nature "red in tooth and claw" is disturbed only by the passage of the forest officer and his servants. It became plainer when the cars turned off the main road, climbed a hill, and came to where several tongas and nondescript wheeled vehicles were assembled. It revealed itself completely when on the arc and chord of a slightly cleared segment of a circle the outlines of *machans* appeared.

In Mysore they shoot tiger from *machans*. The method has its advantages, at least from the tiger's point of view. To shoot the tiger from one of a narrowing circle of elephants leaves him about as much chance of escape as has a murderer in the condemned cell. But in thick jungle, with the marksmen in the *machans* placed at fairly wide intervals, the tiger has a chance of breaking through to freedom which increases as the incapacity of the marksmen grows. All that apart, tiger shooting seems to be a vast deal of bread to a ha'porth of sack. The preliminary jolting along a jungle track over nullahs and ditches is good for the soul and the liver. There is mild excitement, too, in the hurried whispering and the allotment of stations (especially when one knows that the tiger crouches not a furlong off in the thicket). But thereafter tedium reigns for a space. The whoops and howls of the beaters break the deathlike stillness of the jungle periodically but in the intervals one has leisure to listen to the mellow "Chonk! Chonk!" of the coppersmith bird, which, with the occasional flurried clucking of a jungle fowl, is all that shows the teeming life of the forest to be dormant, not dead. At last, after an hour and a half of somnolence, the tiger, disturbed by a more than usually determined hullabaloo, broke cover. He came out near the Prince's *machan*. Half a minute's tense excitement, a scarcely distinguishable towny body rustling the tangled undergrowth, a few shots, a coughing roar or two, choked evidently by the rush of blood from the lungs, a last terrific flurry of the grasses in the death agony, and all is over. He was a fine beast, nine feet three from nose to tip, and was the prize of Colonel Worgan, whose first shot got him behind the shoulder.

On Sunday the Prince witnessed the last stages of the kheddah operations, that is, the capture of a herd of wild elephants. The early stages of the operations had been completed during the past month, and a herd of 28 elephants, including one immense tusker, had been confined within a twelve acre enclosure of jungle. Within the boundaries —a wide deep ditch and a stout stockade— of this enclosure, they enjoyed a modified liberty From a lofty platform raised on tree trunks one glimpsed the herd wandering about plucking the branches from trees or wallowing in the pools. But when they were still, so thick were the undergrowth and the creepers, so broken the ground, so elusive the light filtered by the foliage of the trees, and so much has nature coloured the animals like massive rocks, that it was next to impossible to see them.

Measuring the Tiger shot in the Mysore jungle.

A bugle gave the signal for the start and at once the *koomkies*, the decoy elephants, each with a mahout and a spearsman, or a man armed with a gun on his back, moved out of their concealment. They sought to drive the herd before them, aided by shouting, the noise of bamboo clappers, the firing of guns and shrill cacophonies from trumpets. But the herd was not easy to deal with. For one thing, it contained two or three cows which had been through the hoop before and had escaped from captivity. Again and again, led by the gamely fighting tusker, they broke through the encircling *koomkies* and steadfastly refused to enter the inviting funnel-shaped opening which would lead them to a life of useful toil and comfort.

But in the end, bewildered by the noise, harassed by small shot, and pierced by lances, a part of the herd made a rush for the declivity which seemed to be the only comfortable spot in the jungle. Too late they realised that the arching overhanging greenery they had passed under was a massive camouflaged gate. Too late they realised that the companions they trusted were Judases, tame elephants each with business-like men on his back. Crash! The gate has shut, and freedom is a thing of the past. Then begins within the small circular stockade a scene half comic, half pathetic. The captured elephants struggle against the *koomkies*. They show temper. Tears of vexation come to their eyes. They sulk like a human being. They trumpet angrily and throw themselves down on the ground. But they are met with stolid calmness. They are hustled, kindly but firmly. And finally, sad but subdued, they are roped and noosed and led away for further processes of domestication between two tame cousins.

The Prince returned from Mysore to Karapur on Monday afternoon leaving for Hyderabad at night.

Hyderabad, the Capital of H. E. H. the Nizam's Dominions, was reached on the morning of January 25. There is no doubt about it: the capital is changing. As recently as ten years ago it was the place in India where barbaric picturesqueness was sure to be found. It was the last and greatest stronghold of Islam and mediaevalism. It was a model of the feudal system which wore itself out in Europe six centuries ago. In the streets one could see the mamelukes of the palace guard, tall Abyssinians, with thick lips and knowing grins. Lounging on the bridges were to be encountered groups of Arabs chattering interminably, aimlessly. They looked too indolent for action. But they needed caution in dealing with them. It was not for nothing that their belts were stuffed with faggots of daggers, that a chased pistol or two peeped from the folds of their robes, and that a long musket leaned against the parapet. Let a stranger treat them with too little respect, and like as not he would find himself struggling in the river below or on his way to Elysium, slit from gizzard to chine. And occasionally one met stately Arab chiefs, the descendants of one time refugees from a family vendetta or a political feud in Arabia, themselves now feudal lords of the Nizam, who had given them sanctuary and welcome in the name of Allah.

But times change. The Arab feudal lords die out. Their retainers, who once provided the State with irregular troops, melt away like the snows of yesteryear. The bearing of arms in the streets is at least frowned upon, if it is not penal. Private vendetta has lost caste, and a solicitor's letter, not a thrust with a dagger, will ensue upon calumny of an Arab soldier Pale ghost of its former self, the African guard still parades. But they are not the grinning Abyssinians of former days. These settled down and took unto themselves wives of the country, so that now their descendants only occasionally in their features show traces of their paternal origin.

Yet though the city is changed, though it has capitulated to modernity and possesses a Municipality and a conscience for drains and the width of its streets and bye-laws, though it yields to the latest ideas about administration, yet it remains at the threshold the same, and will remain "to the last syllable of recorded time." Surely nowhere in the world can there be such another countryside as greets the eye of the traveller approaching Hyderabad in the morning. On all sides he sees a profusion of low hills and monstrous rocks, cast nonchalently about in grotesque design. Vast boulders huddle together to make a giant's castle. Yonder nature, as if aping the art of man has produced with grey black granite a perfect rectangle surmounted by a dome as smooth as marble. Farther beyond, in careless profusion, are scattered obelisks, walls, mushrooms, crennelated bastions, mere formless agglomerations, and uprights and cross bars. It looks as if some young Titan had juggled with the mountains, and taking Stonehenge for a model had sought to bring art into a desert place.

It was with a sense of bizarre contrast that one came from this grotesque profusion into the midst of the ordered glory of an official Royal reception. The spick and span uniformity of the guard of honour, the spotless white of the Nizam's chief officers, the State carriage and the groomed horses, the variety in similarity of the regiments which lined the streets, the flags and the triumphal arches—all these seemed to belong to a different world from that we had just emerged from Yet there lingered the dominant note. Outside there was careless disorder and profusion. Within there was ordered bounty—bounteousness of pageantry, bounteousness of troops, and above all bounteousness of the people.

To estimate a crowd under the most favourable of circumstances is difficult. To estimate it when it is thick as berries on a bush in one street and strung out like jewels on a necklace in another, when

thousands of it watch from house tops and thousands more are but eyes glued to peepholes in the purdah, and when fifteen thousand of it —this is the only certain number—are school children marshalled on an open space—to estimate such a crowd is a task fantastically impossible. A hundred thousand distributed along the six miles of the processional route was the lowest estimate; two hundred thousand the highest. This much at least is certain—it was a magnificently representative crowd, and gave the Prince a splendid welcome to the city.

Shortly after the Prince had arrived at the Faluknama Castle, where he stayed during his visit to Hyderabad, the usual exchange of visits took place, His Exalted Highness calling first upon the Prince and the latter returning the call after a short interval.

A State banquet, attended by more than two hundred guests, was held in the Chow Mahalla Palace at night. It was the longest banquet of the tour—not in duration but in space. The banqueting chamber was straight and long and narrow, so much so that the speeches of the Nizam and the Prince were barely audible by those at either end of the table. But the banquet had a rather striking prelude in the illuminations. One had noted that the city streets, or at least those of them that led from the Prince's residence the Faluknama Palace to the Chow Mahalla Palace, were lined with wooden trellis. By night this burst forth in living twinkling flame as the oil *cherags* were kindled, so that the whole route became a wonderful avenue hedged with fire. Beyond the screen of flames, which threw a vivid dancing light on the foreground but cast the farther regions into gloom, could be dimly discerned the city populace—grotesque, half-lit shadows who, none the less, belied their appearance by the heartiness of their plaudits. The Palace itself which has by day no mean claims to beauty, became ethereal in its network of lamps, on the one side soft crimson, on the other delicate green, and these, caught and mirrored in fountains and a placid lake, created a sense of memorable beauty.

On the following morning the Prince drove to Secunderabad and there reviewed the troops in the station, to the number of 3,513. There were on parade the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, the Cavalry Brigade of the Hyderabad State troops, two batteries of Field Artillery, two incomplete battalions of British Infantry, a battalion of the Carnatics, and armoured car and hospital corps detachments. There was little remarkable about the parade, nor, in these days when heroism has proved itself to be worldwide and gallant deeds the commonplaces of warfare, about the units reviewed. Without doubt each one of them has in the last seven years wrought traditions which will die only when the army dies.

But there was one unit which is pre-eminent even among the flower of heroism and gallantry. It is "L" battery of the Royal Horse Artillery. The modern tactician believes the horse guns to be nothing but a "damned nuisance." But they are something more as the following tale will show. Somewhere in France in 1915 there chanced a foggy night. The mist was so thick that troops had only the faintest notion of their whereabouts. The men of "L" battery bivouacked on the spot where they had worked their guns all day. In the morning, when the fog had cleared, they woke up to discover that their friends had vanished into the blue and that there was in front of them no infantry screen, but a battery of heavy German guns which had somehow and noiselessly blundered thither in the night. The horse guns decided discretion to be the worse part of valour and stayed to argue things out. They worked like demons, keeping within range of the enemy on whom they inflicted monstrous damage. But they themselves suffered also, and when they took themselves off at the end of the day there remained a wounded officer or so, four gunners, and a single workable gun. There also remained, just a little in the future, a couple of Victoria Crosses.

As befits a battery with such a tale in its annals, the gunners made a wonderful show. It is no discredit to the Cavalry, who rode and galloped like men, nor to the infantry, who swung past with inspiring precision, to say that as a spectacle they had to yield place to the horse guns. The manner in which they galloped past the Prince, going as the phrase has it, "hell for leather," practically in mathematically accurate alignment, was a sight for the gods. Certainly it

The Prince visits the Nizam of Hyderabad.

thrilled the spectators. For as one man they rose and cheered and shouted in wild enthusiasm.

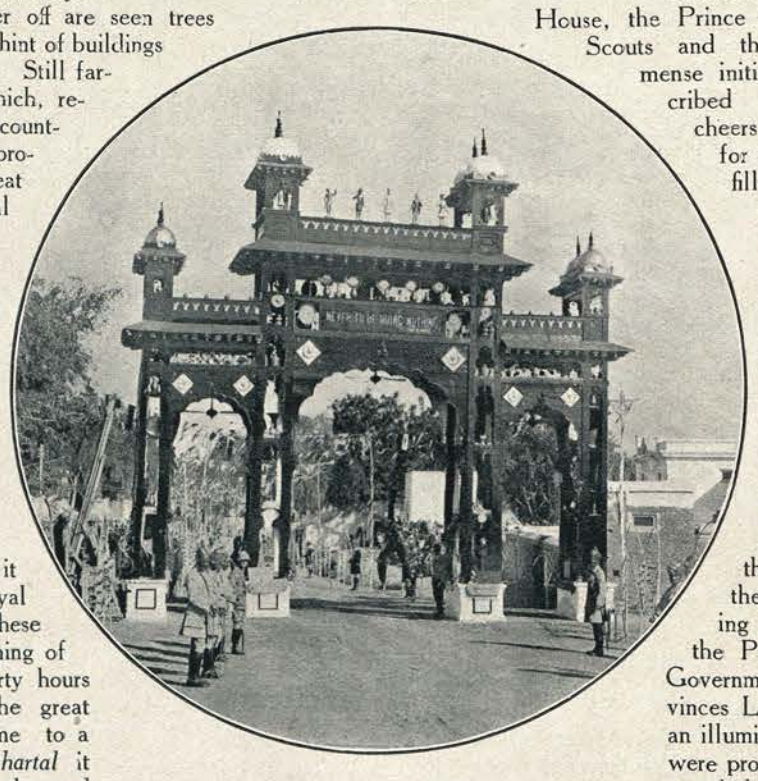
Among the spectators, of whom there was a great throng, the Prince's keen eye discerned a large group of school children at the most distant end of the review ground. Before he left the ground he rode down to the children's end and gave them the opportunity, so earnestly longed for, so enthusiastically seized, of saluting him. Later the Prince was the guest of the Commandant of the 4th Dragoon Guards at lunch, when no doubt there was between the host, who is an international polo player, and the Royal guest much interchange of confidences about the game of games.

A review of the Secunderabad District and Railway Police, pensioners, ex-soldiers and the heirs of men killed in the war, a dance at the Residency, some polo and a flying visit just before departure to military sports at Secunderabad filled the rest of the time spent in Hyderabad. The Prince left for Nagpur on the afternoon of January 28.

To four out of every five railway travellers Nagpur is known in its most uninviting aspect. As the approaching train slows down, a forest of tin chimney stacks rises up to greet it. Little mean looking factories, some long deserted and ruinous, others puffing busily in ludicrous self-importance, cluster together on the low-lying ground beneath the railway embankment. Acres of track, twisting interminably, spread out before the eyes. Farther off are seen trees among which roads disappear and the hint of buildings which mark the locality of the city. Still farther, is to be seen the country which, remaining unknown to civilisation for countless centuries, has since leaped into prominence and importance as the great supply centre for much of India's coal and, still more, for the manganese ore which contributes in no small degree to the revenues of the land. Coal and this ore will make Nagpur. What they will make of it is still a problem.

As earnest of its future commercial greatness, one finds in Nagpur a new and vast railway station. It was, on the day of the Prince's arrival, so new that it was scarcely complete. But it was sufficiently advanced for use and it received its baptism from the Royal and the supplementary trains. These arrived about ten o'clock in the morning of January 30, having travelled for forty hours across Hyderabad territory and the great plain of Maharashtra. They came to a splendid welcome. There was a *hartal* it is true; but for every one who observed *hartal*, there was at least one who did not.

Hyderabad: the famous gateway of Char Minar (four towers).



One of the Hyderabad Arches.

He it was who came out and piled himself up on the glacis of the Fort near the railway station. He it was who tested the accuracy of the engineer's calculations of strain by packing himself closely upon the big railway bridges. And again, he it was who lined the route in thousands—thirty-five thousand or so of him along a two and a half mile route—and salaamed profoundly to the Prince as he drove from the station to Government House, breaking now and again into shouts of "Uvaraj Maharaj-ki-jai." He it was, in short, who laid the foundations well and truly of the success of the Royal visit.

The pageantry was contributed in various ways, first at the station by the gorgeously attired Feudatory Chieftians of the Provinces, and chiefly along the route by the triumphal arches. For the most part these were made in the conventional Indian design, bestriding the street like the gateways of Hindu palaces. But one or two were monuments in quite a different manner, though perhaps less in manner than in material. One reared itself aloft on bales of cotton. Another was a rustic bower, while still a third was made of oranges. Did one do the populace an injustice in imagining the greatest assemblage of the folk to be here and to be due to a hope that the disintegration of the arch would result in copious fruitfulness to themselves?

Immediately upon arrival at Government House, the Prince spent a few minutes with the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides. They have immense initiative. The routine for them prescribed an inspection of their ranks, cheers for the King-Emperor and cheers for the Prince. The routine was fulfilled. But thereafter one among them started to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow." Hastily, if a little late, the others joined in and there ensued a rolling sea of harmony. The platoons on the left seemed to reach the final note well ahead, leaving those on the extreme right, who refused to hasten and were attempting a measured dignity of cadence, many bars in the rear. But that matters little. As a glee party they might have failed to win the laurels at an Eisteddfod. At least they magnificently succeeded in conveying their hearty loyalty and affection to the Prince. A durbar in the grounds of Government House (at which the Central Provinces Legislature presented an address) and an illuminated fete at night (at which the hosts were prominent Nagpur gentlemen and gentlemen belonging to adjacent districts) completed the day's programme.

CHAPTER VII.

IN CENTRAL INDIA—THE MODERN INDORE—DURBAR OF CENTRAL INDIA CHIEFS—TROOPS REVIEWED AT MHOW—BHOPAL'S WOMAN RULER: A NOTABLE FIGURE—PAGEANTRY IN GWALIOR—A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION—A FEW DAYS' SPORT.

ON FEBRUARY 1, the Prince arrived in Indore. Indore owes its birth as a State to the success which attended the arms of a skilful captain in the service of the Peshwa. Since the time when the grant of land to the victorious Malhar Rao created the nucleus of the present principality, many vicissitudes have attended its history. It waged war during the most of its early career, sometimes with success, sometimes without. It came near extinction, and at a critical period of its development it threw up as a ruler a woman, perhaps the greatest in India's history, the memory of whose just acts and whose personal care for the welfare of the people still lingers and attains ever greater dimensions. Indeed, at one time petticoat government looked like becoming a habit in Indore, for a few years after the death of the famed Ahalya Bai the favourite concubine of a later ruler contrived to secure herself in the Regency. She was an unpopular lady. Whether she ruled with too strict justice, whether her vanities and caprices became too burdensome, or whether an increasing tendency to assert the superiority of her sex led the men of her court to fear for the lordship of man are uncertain. But it is certain that she met with a violent end, being murdered by her own officers.

But these be ancient tales. The city of Indore to-day seems to have little relation to the days of violence and intrigue. It straggles pleasantly and amiably on the plain. It is full of engaging contrasts. You pass along one street, packed with decayed beauty, where old houses of timber with deep verandahs still display wonderful carvings. In the next street you come upon that antithesis of aestheticism, the money lender, in the full blast of his calling. Trees and palaces, none too beautiful those but at least impressive, enclose one prospect. Cast the eyes the other way, and they encounter the brick smoke stacks, the ugly brick rectangles and the grimy smoke of industrialism. For be it not forgotten that the revenues of Indore are great and that the mills, of which there are at least three, are no mean contributors to them.

The cotton arch at Nagpur.

All the official arrangements for the arrival of the Prince were admirably conceived and carried out. But as in all essentials—in the guard of honour, in the escort of Imperial Service Cavalry, in the decorations of the streets and in the formal exchange of visits between the host and His Royal guest—they were exactly the same as those which characterised the arrivals at the other capitals of Native States, nothing need be said of them. But there is one little picture which ought to be recorded. When the procession had reached the Manik Bagh, where the Prince stayed during his visit, there was to be seen an aged man among the shrubbery whence he peeped as from a purdah. He stood by a vehicle which looked a little like a spindle wheeled low dog cart. But as round its middle there were wound many yards of slim hose, and as the custodian bore an enormous brazen helmet on his head, it did not need the gilt inscription on the front to tell that this was the Indore Fire Brigade. There were no outbreaks of fire during the Prince's stay at Manik Bagh. Had there been, one might have placed implicit confidence in this old gentleman. He would have let no fires take any liberties with him!

At night, a banquet was held in the Lallbagh Palace, which lies in the very heart of the old city and is one of the most beautiful of the Indore State buildings, especially in the decoration and furnishing of the interiors, redolent of Louis XVI. On the following day the chief event was the durbar held in the Daly College. The durbar was held by the Prince, the durbaris being the leading ruling princes and chiefs of Central India. Some of these had hoped to be visited by the Prince in their own States. But the period of the tour precluded this and the opportunity of meeting the Prince was given to all the rulers of Central India at this durbar. It was an opportunity eagerly seized. For the ceremony the fine hall of the College made an excellent setting, framing a brilliant picture composed by the rich dresses of the ruling princes and their numerous suites.

Before leaving Indore State, the Prince motored to the cantonments at Mhow and there reviewed three thousand troops stationed there. Among the troops which paraded were the State cavalry of His Highness the Maharaja of Dhar. The cavalry paraded under the command of a young Amazon. Astride a huge war-horse, clad in the nattiest of khaki uniforms, looking every inch a soldier, the young daughter of the Maharaja advanced at the head of the troops. When, in a shrill childish treble, she gave the command "Eyes Right," the spectators—practically all the inhabitants of the station—broke into warm-hearted cheering. After the review of troops, the Prince lunched with the General Officer Commanding and, thereafter, before leaving for Bhopal, played a little polo.

The weather, which is like that of an English March, sharp and tonic, the lakes, of no mean beauty, furnishing yachting and boating, the terraced gardens, the big and small game shooting near the capital—all these make Bhopal in February attractive to many tastes. But interest first and last settles on the State's ruler. She is probably the only lady in the world, certainly the only lady in Asia, ruling over a principality. And uncommon well she does it, if facts, figures and reports mean anything at all. She has made Bhopal entirely worthy of its position as the second Mahomedan state in India, and she and her people gave His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales a splendid welcome. By a curious coincidence the present ruler is the third successive Begum to hold power. The first of the three shocked her people by casting aside the restrictions of purdah and entering vigorously into all the tasks and responsibilities of administration. The present ruler is no less emancipated, but still, as a concession to extreme orthodoxy, she appears at public functions closely veiled. Accordingly, it is only from portraits that one becomes acquainted with her features. These show a curious resemblance, perhaps more in their acquired characteristics than in their natural lineaments, to those of Queen Victoria. The resemblance is further heightened by the small but stately figure, the leisurely gait, and the dress. For the type of dress which Her Highness wears is such as was worn by the ladies of the West in the nineties of the last century. The admiration for the Victorian age and for the great Queen herself which Her Highness entertains is underlined by the presence in the Palace Durbar Hall of a large portrait of Queen Victoria.

It was in this hall, part of the Sardar Manzil—which is one of the few pure Saracenic buildings in India—that the two chief functions of the visit took place. They were the durbar of the Begum and the State banquet. With its pillars and arches, its arched purdah galleries and the profusion of carpets of cloth of gold, the hall made a wonderful setting for the functions, enhancing their dignity and beautifying their ceremonial. The Begum's speech at the banquet—

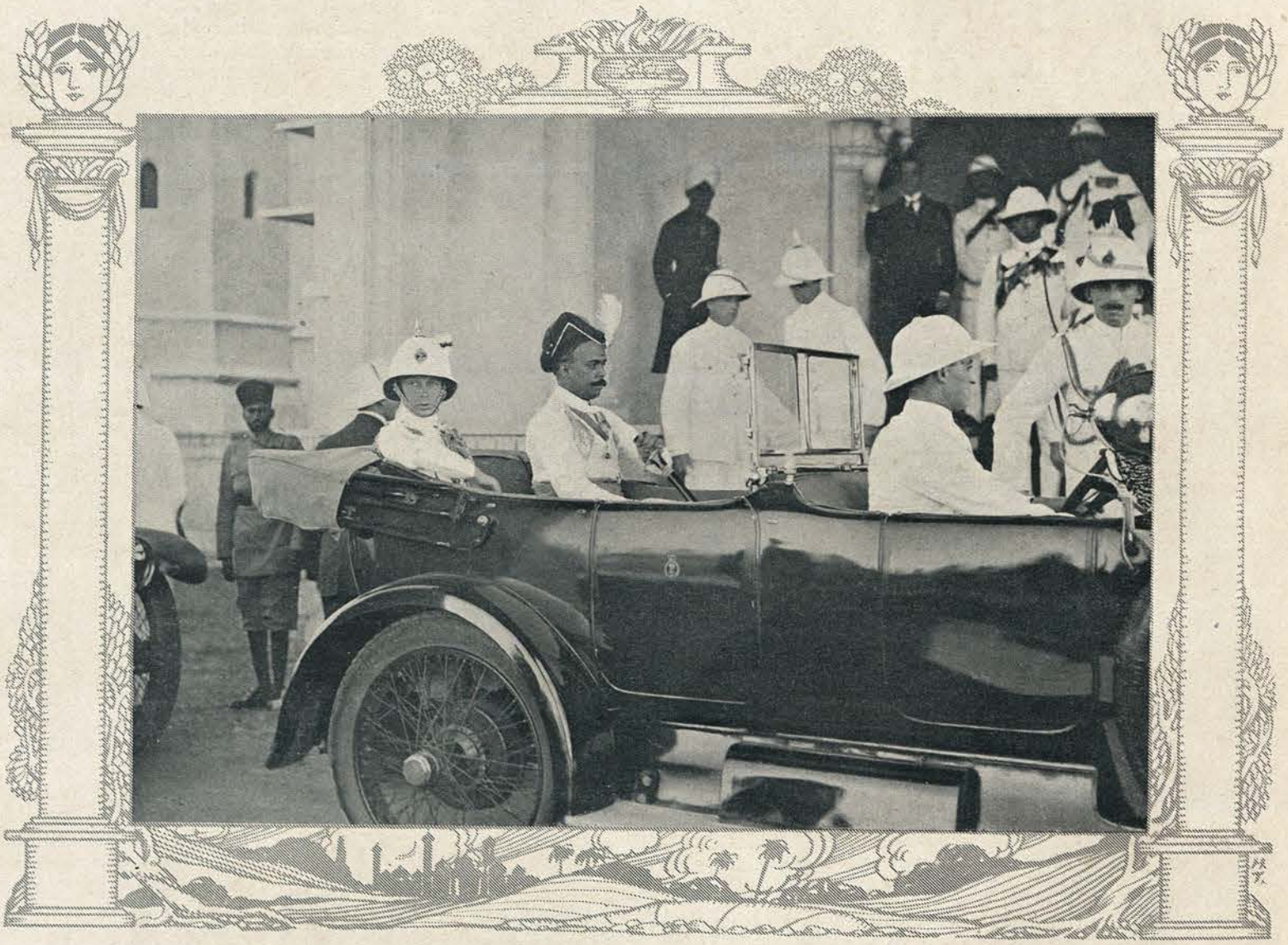
it was delivered in Urdu—revealed the ruler's high political sense and her knowledge of affairs and was also the vehicle for an announcement that the constitution of the State was to be changed in the direction of democracy. At the end of the banquet, Her Highness made several presents to the Prince, among which was a sword with a richly chased gold scabbard.

The Prince spent Sunday and Monday in a shooting camp at which the Prince and the members of his staff who accompanied him had fairly good sport. The total "bag" was three tigers, one panther, eleven sombur, one cheetah and two nilgai. On Tuesday, February 7, the Prince left Bhopal for Gwalior.

The Prince arrived on a five days' visit to Gwalior on the morning of February 8. Now that Hyderabad has lost its Arabs, given birth to a municipality and made its streets safe for the visitor—time was when a military escort was needed to buy brass in the bazar—Gwalior has become the authentic home of Indian pageantry and gorgeousness. And, on the day of the Prince's arrival, we were admitted into the inmost precints of the house. All that there is of regal splendour, of barbaric magnificence, of stateliness, of sublimity, were displayed to deck the progress of the Prince from the railway station to the palace.

Stepping from the shadowed station platform into the early morning sunshine, the Prince beheld part of the glories which were to accompany him. Round the outer yard of the station were grouped nineteen elephants, each more monstrous than his neighbour, each more lavishly coloured, more wondrously caparisoned, carrying a more resplendent howdah. But greatest of all, most shining, most illustrious, bearing in conscious pride a golden howdah, was Hiraguj and upon the back of Hiraguj, for that is the name of the king of the elephants in Gwalior, did the Prince and the Maharajah in due course climb to be borne off in a see-sawing procession.

The whole of his procession, veiled from the view at the station by its tremendous length, we later saw framed by the fretted window of a palace gateway. In front was a wide straight street, curving to disappear round a building at a distance of quarter of a mile. It was fringed with the populace and marked in a neat rectangle by an almost unbroken line of red—the tunics of the Gwalior State Infantry standing shoulder to shoulder. The roll of drums, swelling in volume as the drummers, stationed at intervals, caught up the signal each from his neighbour, heralded the first move of the vast procession. Round the distant building and into the vista of the street moved the first units. First came the officers and troopers of the Gwalior Irregular Horse, riding small horses with a very long stirrup. Standard bearers on horseback followed, the horses shying at the proximity of elephants, which put to shame the tiny equine pennants with huge banners. Behind these, stalked a very stately beast. There was reason in his stateliness, for he bore the Moghul emblems of sovereignty. Next came a crowd of bearers staggering beneath the weight of gilded and silvered palkies, and then, with the rattle of drums, a cavalry band. The Cavalry and the Guns came after, to be followed by the skirl of reeds playing Indian music. A whole host of standard bearers, men at arms with steel pikes, men with maces, men with flags, men with fans, men with fly whisks, men with nothing in particular, and a single sword bearer, streamed forth in ordered profusion before the Royal elephant paced into the vista, the howdah and the gold trappings and umbrella scattering broadcast the gilded rays of the sun. Ten furlongs of unalloyed magnificence. To see it all, needed little short of half an hour.



The Prince leaving the Durbar at Daly College, Indore. Seated next to him is the Maharaja of Dhar.

Two hundred of the State's gentry later assembled in the Durbar Hall of the Jai Bilas Palace to pay homage to the Prince. The Durbar Hall, the immense and beautiful carpet—is there in the world a larger carpet all woven in one piece?—the ceremonial, the fanfares and the costumes of the durbaries, every kind of fabric and colour, all contributed to a repetition of the note of magnificence struck earlier in the morning. In the afternoon, the Prince formally opened the new King George Park. This park owes its origin to the solicitude

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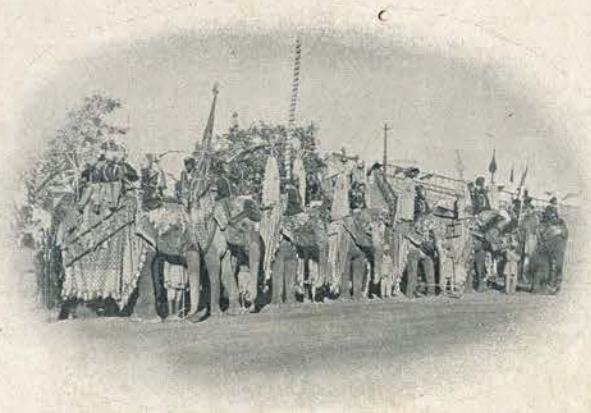
WITH THE BEGUM; THE PRINCE LEAVING THE PALACE AT BHOPAL AFTER THE DURBAR.



Bhopal State Elephants.

of His Highness for the people of the State. Hitherto, the facilities enjoyed by the people of Gwalior for outdoor diversion have not been great. The lack of them has been repaired with great thoroughness by the King George Park, which provides not only pleasant walks, shady nooks and picturesque garden corners, but tennis courts, a band-stand and an enclosure for specifically Indian games. The ceremony was brief. The Prince arrived under a Royal Salute and the President of the Municipality in a short address outlined the history of the scheme whereupon the Prince with a golden key undid the lock of the gate and amid cheers declared the park open.

On the afternoon of February 9 the Prince reviewed the Gwalior troops. One parade is much like another. But the event of the Gwalior review was furnished by the young son and daughter of the Maharaja Scindhia—George and Mary: the King is their god-father. It is no uncommon thing for the young sons of Indian Maharajas to appear on a military parade. Less commonly do the daughters take up arms. Even so, they lead, and are usually mounted. On the day, however, when the Prince reviewed the Gwalior troops, the young Scindhias paraded in the service dress of privates and marched in the ranks. It was a surprise, and a pleasant one, to the spectators, who heartily cheered the children as they passed.

The rest of the time in Gwalior was spent mostly in sport. The Prince shot—there is much to shoot in Gwalior, tiger, bear, panther, sambur and trifles like pig and hare. He played polo, tennis and he rode in several races in a gymkhana organised by the Race Club. He left Gwalior on the night of February 12. On the 13th he reached Agra, breaking his journey thither for a couple of hours at Fatehpur Sikri where he made a tour of inspection of Akbar's deserted city. At Agra there were only two functions—an inspection of pensioners and a garden party given within the Fort by the chiefs of the United Provinces. The Prince made two visits to the Taj Mahal, seeing this "miracle of miracles, the last wonder of the world" as the mists of evening wreathed it and again by the full light of the moon. He stayed for the night, leaving for Delhi on the following morning.

At Gwalior Races: The Prince on "Destiny."

Elephants and Horses, gifts to the Prince from the Maharaja Scindhia of Gwalior.

LIEUT-GENERAL H. H. THE MAHARAJA SCINDIA OF GWALIOR, G.C.V.O., G.C.S.I., G.B.E., A.D.C.

His Highness the Maharaja is among the most popular and genial of the Indian Rulers and there was none who was more liked by the Prince of Wales than he. His great services to the Empire are fittingly reflected in the honours which have been conferred upon him. Among the attractions which His Highness offered for the entertainment of the Prince was excellent tiger shooting.

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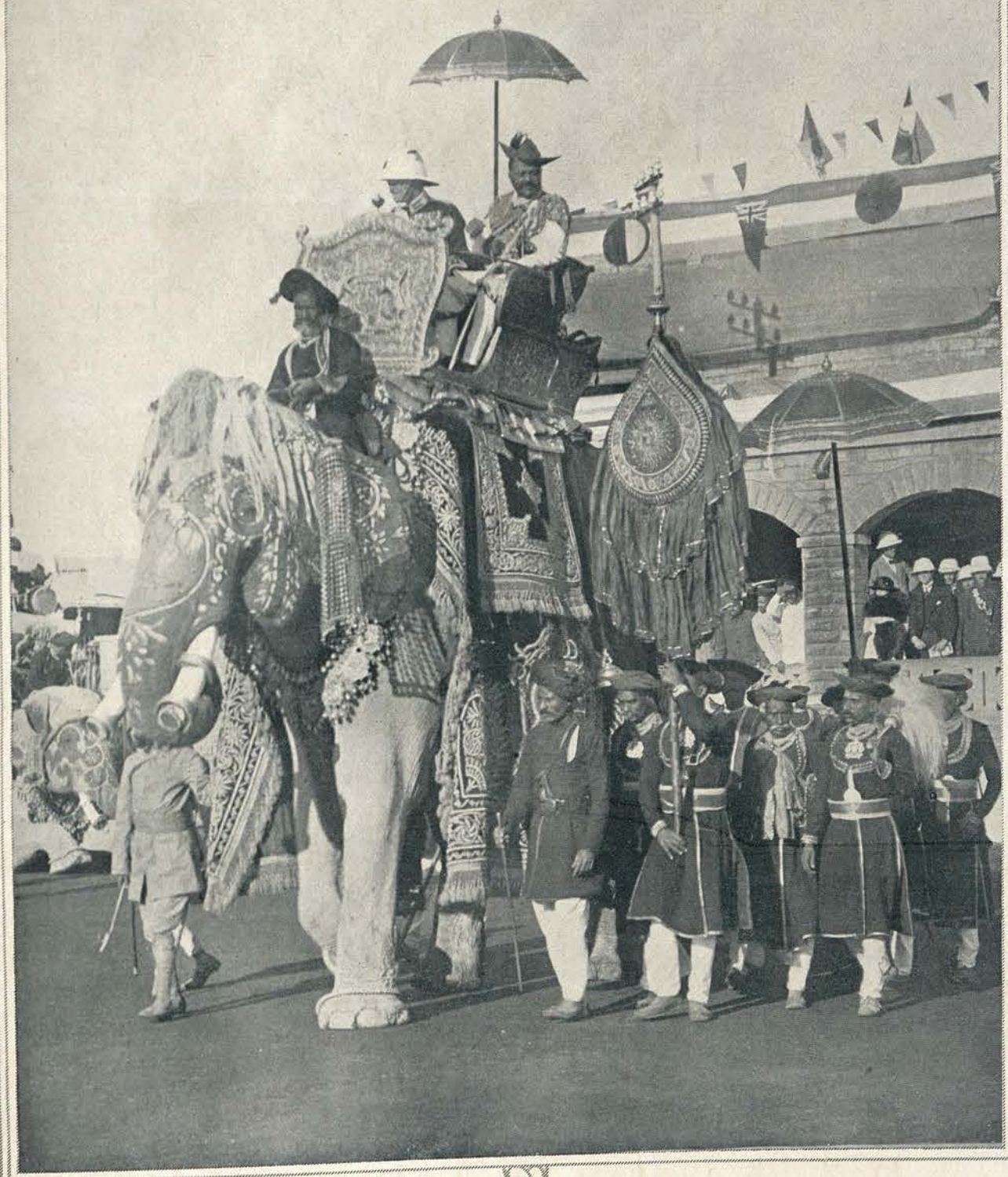


ON HIRAGUJ: THE PRINCE AND THE MAHARAJA AT THE START OF THE GWALIOR STATE PROCESSION.

CHAPTER VIII.

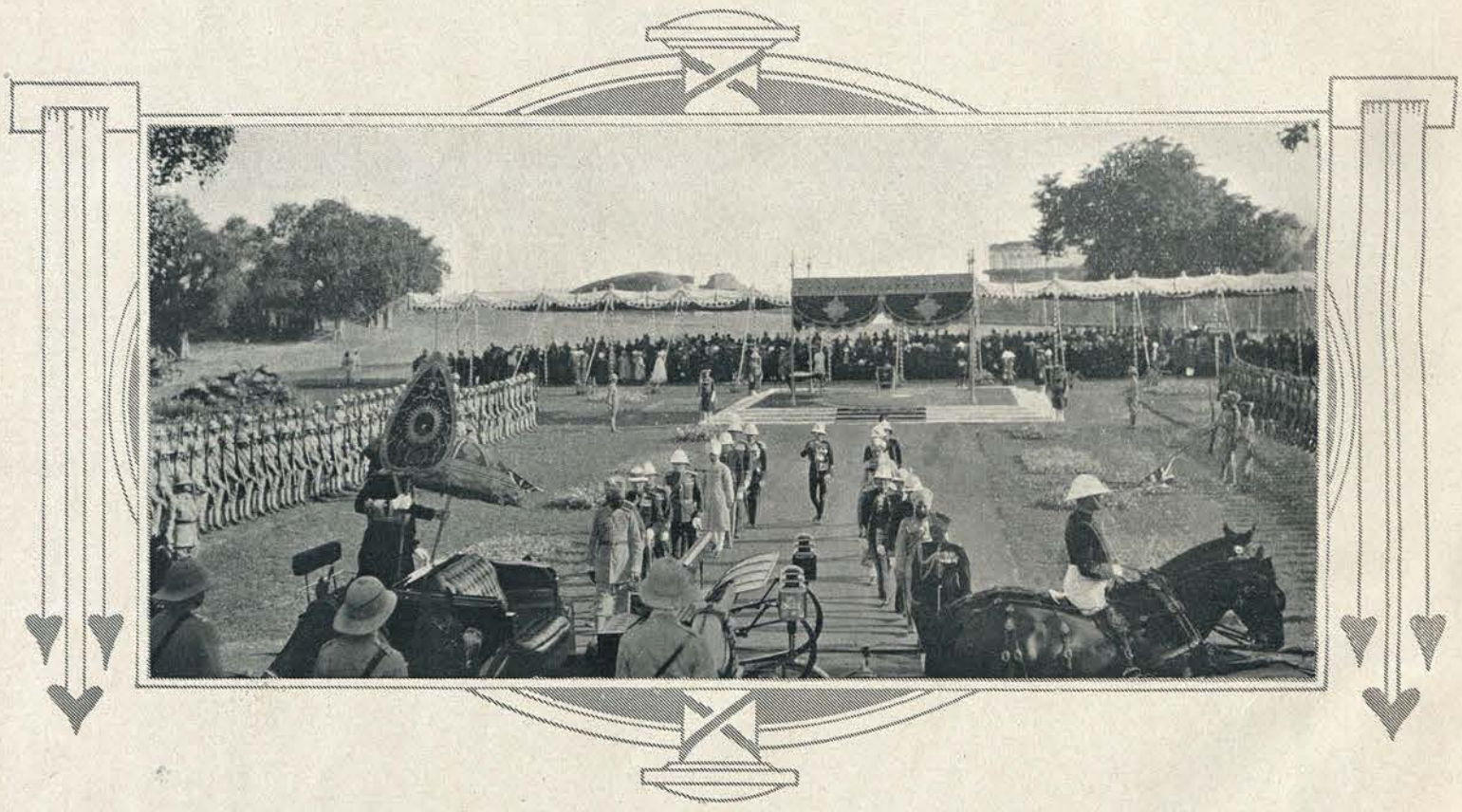
THE PRINCE ARRIVES IN DELHI—STATUE OF KING EDWARD UNVEILED—MILITARY EDUCATION IN INDIA: THE KITCHENER COLLEGE—A GATHERING OF THE INDIAN PRINCES: BRILLIANT DURBAR IN THE DIWAN-I-AM—SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS REVIEWED—PATIALA AND JODHPUR AT POLO—THE PEOPLE'S FAIR: ROUSING POPULAR RECEPTION.

ON the afternoon of February 14 the Prince arrived in Delhi, the most historic city in all historic India. He came, not as so many other Princes have come in the past at the head of a conquering army bringing death and destruction upon the inhabitants of a great city and on the people of a fertile countryside. He came as the welcome and honoured guest of the Government of India and of at least a very large section of the people, bearing, not fire and a sword, but the credentials of an ambassador of peace and good-will.

Delhi has been the cradle of many Empires. Of as many it has been the grave. To enter it is to enter the commonplace. A railway station as are all other railway stations, commonplace useful roads, mean buildings, farther avenues of trees among which comfortable bungalows seek coolness and shadow, the long whale-back of the farthest limits of all the Delhis, the Kutb Minar where Moslem fervour once aspired piously to the heavens. For miles around there exists a happy hunting ground for archæologists scarce excelled by the environs of Rome or Athens.

The Prince was met at Selimgarh station by the Viceroy, the members of the Government of India and other high dignitaries. Simple but solemn ceremonial attended the occasion. The barbaric splendour which shone through the reception accorded the Prince in Gwalior was lacking, nor was there any attempt made to vie with the magnificence and opulence displayed by other Native States. All that was necessary to the outward state and dignity of the Heir to the Throne—that and that alone was done.

A few presentations, an address read by the President of the Delhi Municipality, to which the Prince replied, preceded the Prince's departure in procession for Viceregal Lodge. The procession

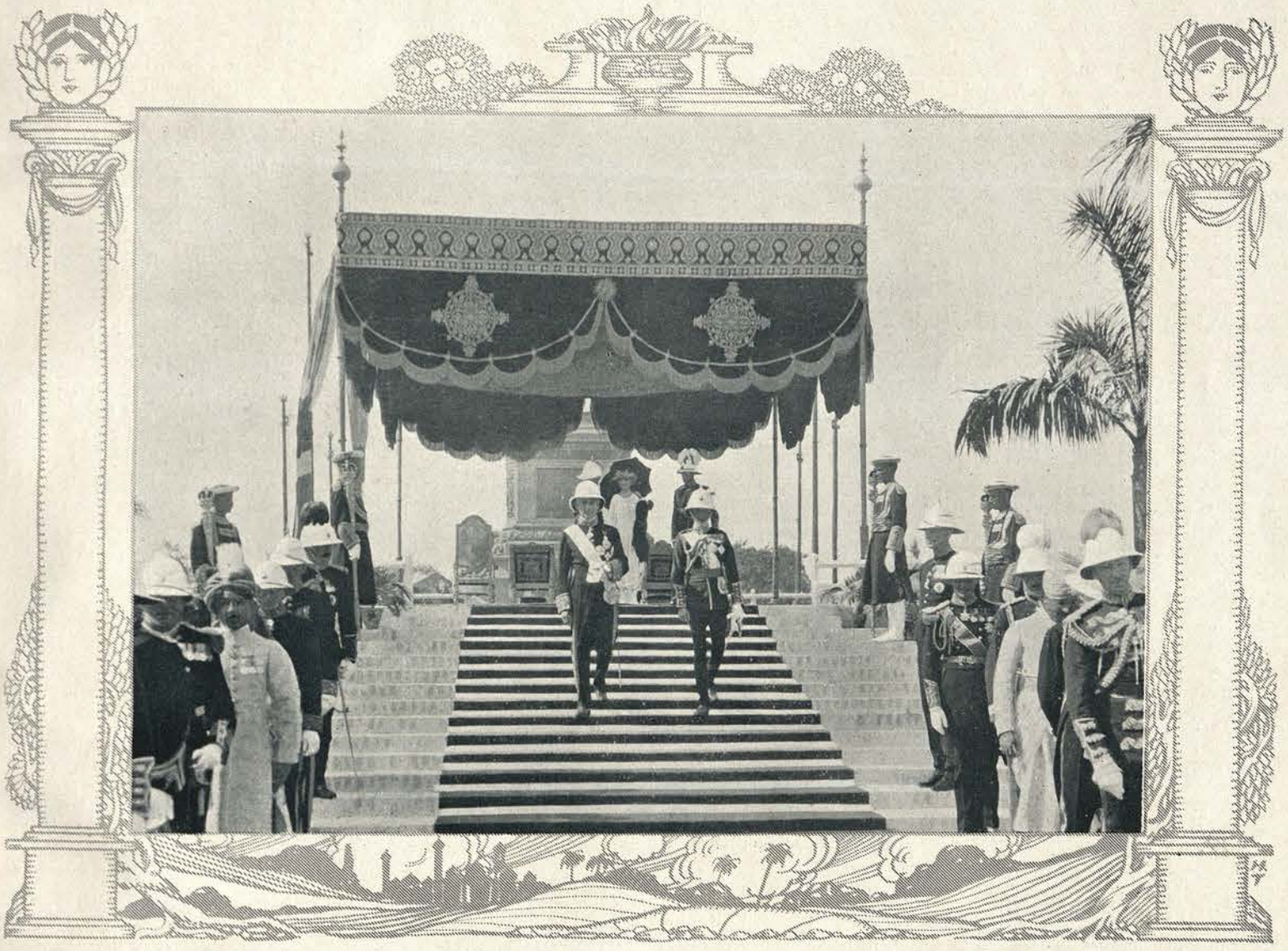


After the reception ceremony at Delhi: the Prince about to start on his first processional drive through the Capital.

Ridge. But enter the Fort and the more recent of past glories reveal themselves. It is scaled by a big ramp, through a massive gate. Within is a bewildering succession of buildings—palaces, halls of audience, pleasant garden closes, and the perfect little gem of the Pearl Mosque. Leave the fort and travel towards New Delhi, the future Capital of the latest and, perhaps, the greatest of the Indian Empires. The ground is strewn with the relics of former ages. Tombs of forgotten saints rise ruinously from the ground. Heaps of rubble and bricks mark the site of the villa of some nobleman dead for centuries. The coping stones of wells which have long since ceased to give water mark the route as if with milestones. Magnificent and monstrous, the tombs of Emperors and Empresses, Viceroys and warriors, scarred and lichened, deserted and ignored, cut the skyline. Beyond the gaunt derricks and the scaffolding which swathes the new buildings of the Capital is the Fort of Tuklakabagh and, at the had a drive of several miles to complete. The whole route was lavishly decorated. Indeed, the decorations of the Capital were as none others. Many of the streets were bordered with rows of pylons, built solidly of brick and painted white, which endured as embellishments of the streets many weeks after the Prince had departed. But it was less the pylons and the bunting, the arches and the inscriptions that one noted than the people. One's expectation of the number of people who would gather to see the Prince were, for many reasons, moderate. As it happened, the numbers were very large. By some unknown agency, the walls of Delhi had been freely placarded with the resolutions of the Bardoli conference—the meeting of the Non-co-operation leaders which decided to give over boycott and hartals—exhorting the people to refrain from a boycott of the Prince and not to close their shops. There was a ready response. At least, one supposes it to be a response. In the result, there were few of the

shops shut. Business was as usual except that it was interrupted on occasion by attendance at one or other of the public functions held in honour of the Royal visit.

The first of these functions, the unveiling of the statue of King Edward in the King Edward Memorial Gardens, took place on the morning of the 15th. Like all Delhi ceremonies it was impressive. No one who goes to Delhi, modern Delhi, can escape being impressed. Let him go to any function and it will be odd if he come away in any state other than shivering awe. In attendance will be the mighty ones of the Government of India, consciously bearing on their shoulders the sorrows of millions and gloomy care on their brows. The Army Department will be arrayed in majesty before him, the history of countless campaigns painted on their breasts, every second man at least a major-general. Secretaries and under-secretaries of departments, simply stuffed with the details of all that goes on in India, hover in the background, immobile but alert. From every quarter will come an emanation of serenity and altitude, of unbending



Prince and Viceroy at Delhi: Leaving the site of the King Edward Memorial after its unveiling.

dignity. In the bright glare of the radiance, humility shrivels and dies. It is most impressive. Sometimes, indeed, it must distract attention from the function itself. On this day it failed to do so, but only because the statue unveiled was a memorial to one of the greatest of British monarchs and the hand that unveiled it that of the most popular figure in the Empire. A lesser occasion would have had little better than a dog's chance against the impressiveness of Delhi.

On the morning of the 17th the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the Kitchener College at New Delhi. This college, when completed, will house and educate several hundred boys preparatory to giving them specialist training for commissions in the Indian Army. It is the outcome, perhaps the indirect outcome, of the Reforms. For one of the essentials of responsible government is the capacity for self-defence and the evolution of a genuine system of national defence must go hand in hand with political development. In the nature of things the process cannot be very rapid. As it exists to-day, the Indian Army is the inheritor of a magnificent tradition. For more than half a century the British officer, working with his Indian comrade and carrying the confidence of the rank and file, has led the Indian Army to victory on many fields. Further, he is the force that has welded the various races and faiths which make up the Indian Army into the firm whole which has given that army its fine fighting value. This is not to be disturbed, much less broken up, until there is something equally strong to take its place. The essentials of such a substitute are a highly trained and disciplined Indian officer class which will command the confidence of the rank and file, not only in the easy days of peace, but also under the strain of war, possibly the terrible strain of unsuccessful war.

The Kitchener College will train the sons of Indian officers for a military career and prepare them for entry into the Indian Sandhurst. The college will ensure, not only an efficiently trained officer class, but a class with *esprit de corps* and a tradition, possessions of great value. For many reasons it is fitting that the college should bear the name of Kitchener. But chief among them is, as the Commander-in-Chief at the opening ceremony reminded his hearers, that fifteen years ago Lord Kitchener, fully appreciating the fact that the Indian officer is the backbone of the Army, urged the promotion of the Indian officers to the higher regimental ranks—a step which led to the grant of King's commissions to Indians. The college which bears his name is another step on the same journey—the journey which leads to the destination of a national army, officered by Indians, at the call of a national legislature fully responsible to the country. An important adjunct to the ceremony performed by the Prince was the march past of the Indian Army. Symbolically, that was what it amounted to. For three representatives of every Indian regiment, from the Khyber to Cape Comorin filed before His Royal Highness at the salute.

In the afternoon a durbar was held in Delhi Fort. Nowhere else in the modern world could a scene of such impressive magnificence have been staged. Alike in the setting and the actors it was unique.

THE PRINCE IN INDIA.

There exists no audience hall richer in historic fame than the Delhi Dewan-i-Am. Eloquently it speaks of the glories of the Moghul Emperors and seems haunted by the ghost of Akbar. Nor could any more important occasion than the formal welcome by the Government and the Princes of India of the Heir-Apparent to the Imperial Throne be imagined. To the impressive magnificence of the setting for the welcome many things contributed. There were the guards of honour, the massed bands, the great concourse of spectators occupying, to the number of three thousand, tiers of benches fronting the Hall of Audience and representing all that is best and most significant in India's official life. There was the vast sweep of the pillared building, the slow and stately pacing of the processions, the dramatic eloquence of the Viceroy, the speeches, instinct with loyal homage, of the ruling princes and the rapid incisive tones of the Prince. Pre-eminent among these were the ruling princes, fifty-three of whom had assembled to complete the tale of the Capital's welcome to the Prince. Glittering in their ceremonial robes, hung with jewels worth the ransom of many kings, with jewelled aigrettes in their *pugris* and jewelled swords in their belts, they made a shining picture to see which is vouchsafed to few and to these only once in a life-time. Nor were they mere empty display. In periods as jewelled as their persons, they affirmed their ancient traditional loyalty to the British Crown and, particularly to the occasion, an affectionate welcome—which many of them had already extended in princely hospitality in their own states—to the Heir to the Imperial Throne. The duty of voicing the sentiments of India's princely houses was given to the Maharajas of Gwalior, Bikaner, Patiala and Nawanagar who were chosen for the duty by the suffrages of their peers.

Subsequently to the Durbar, the Government of India were the hosts at a garden party given in the gardens of the Fort. There were four thousand guests. But so spacious are the gardens and so wide the lawns, that there was no sense of overcrowding. The Prince, along with the Viceroy and the greater number of the Indian princes, had tea in the beautiful Diwan-i-Khas, at one of the windows of which the Moghul Emperor was wont to show himself in the mornings to his people—thus it was and thus only that they knew he had not been gathered to his fathers and a successor installed in the night. After tea, the Prince proceeded to inspect the gardens and the palaces which border them Beautiful as these are at any time, they become transcendently lovely when—as on the Prince's visit—at a signal from a gun, they leap into a mass of coloured lamps, floating like fireflies on the foliage of trees, when from the sky there seems to pour down a fountain of liquid flame into a still pool of water in which the fountain is mirrored, and when the coloured lamps outline lotus flowers in lakes and rills of water, and limpid pools divide the palace rooms and reflect their lights.

The Prince reviewed the second battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders on the polo ground on Saturday the 18th. It had been noticeable at former reviews that the most interested of the spectators were the families of the non-commissioned officers and men. The wives and the children invariably were present in force and invariably displayed a technical knowledge and an intimacy with the affairs of the regiment which made the layman blush for shame. And when the troops marched past, the cold scorn of the sergeants' ladies for the appearance of the companies in which their "men" did not march was only equalled by the warmth of their enthusiasm when their own company—they display a proprietary interest in the regiment—swung past. So it was at Delhi. The "guid wives" of the Seaforths, and particularly the sergeants' ladies, were at the parade as spectators. Many of them had taken their youngest to see the Prince. And see him they did. For, when the parade was over, the Prince crossed the parade ground to where a group of the sergeants' wives stood, shook hands with the mothers and pinched the fat cheeks of the chubby youngsters till they crowed with delight.

In the afternoon the Prince attended a garden party given in his honour by the Indian officers of the Army. Four thousand guests, including many ruling princes, were present in the Fort gardens. Among the entertainments were a musical ride performed by the 11th Hussars, (each section taking part wearing the regiment's by-gone uniforms), and a weird Khuttak war dance round a camp fire, spelling in every motion fierceness and blood thirstiness. The Prince was entertained at dinner by the ruling princes. Several of the hosts are "orthodox" and did not actually attend the dinner, coming into the banqueting hall before "The King." In all, two hundred and eighty were present to hear the Maharaja of Gwalior, on behalf of all the princes, propose the health of the Prince, which he did in an admirable speech, clearly and pointedly delivered. No less admirable was the reply of the Prince, both in sentiment and phrasing, and it was received with great enthusiasm.

A military parade service on Sunday on the brigade parade ground was attended by the Prince who, after the service, presented colours to three regiments—the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the 16th Rajputs and the 10th Jats. To everyone's surprises and the intense delight of the Indian regiments, the Prince addressed them in Hindustani, expressing his pleasure at presenting the colours and his hope that they would, as in the past, be covered with glory in the future.

The Delhi Durbar: Procession about to enter the Diwan-i-Am.

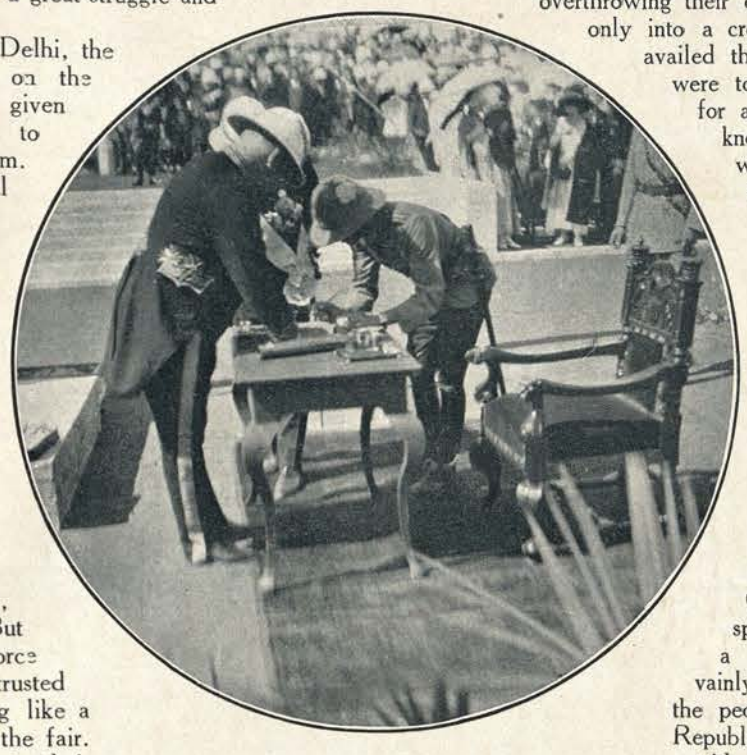
Two hundred policemen paraded in the grounds of Viceregal Lodge on Monday morning for inspection by the Prince from whom one among them received the King's police medal for conspicuous services to the country. After the police parade, a deputation of the Anglo-Indian community waited on the Prince with an address to which the Prince replied. The reply was a warm tribute to the worth of the work done by this community in India. He had received, he declared, much information regarding the careers open to the community, their success in various ranks and their record of military service. The useful and honoured place they filled as citizens in the Indian Empire and their devotion to the cause of India did them credit and he personally would watch the progress of the community with the greatest attention.

Thereafter the Prince left for the Gymkhana polo ground to witness a tent-pegging competition for a gold cup presented by the Maharaja of Dhar. Two dozen competed, all wonderfully expert, and it must have given the judges "furiously to think" before they were able to select the competitor who should receive the Cup from the Prince's hands. The ground lay adjacent to the horse lines of King George's Horse. These the Prince visited, taking the regiment by surprise—at the time of the visit the men were grooming their horses. But in shirt sleeves, encumbered with buckets and brushes, they turned out and acclaimed the Prince in stentorian voices.

In the afternoon, the Prince captained a polo team of Indian maharajas which played a team of British officers captained by the Commander-in-Chief, the latter team winning. Immediately afterwards, the final of the Prince of Wales Commemoration Polo Tournament between Jodhpur and Patiala was played. The Prince and the large and distinguished assembly present had the good fortune to see a magnificent game. It was a case of age and experience versus dash and youth—the combined ages of the Patiala team (which contained at least one player whose name is famed wherever polo is played) must have been nearly double that of the Jodhpur players. At the end of five of the fastest and finest chukkers ever seen on any polo ground Patiala led by five goals to four. It seemed assured that they would win. But Jodhpur played with magnificent dash and

during the last five minutes scored wonderfully a couple of goals and won a thrilling final by six goals to five. The heartiness of the response to the Prince's call for cheers for the teams when he presented the cups was a fitting meed for a great struggle and a great victory.

Six hours before departing from Delhi, the Prince attended the popular fair on the Maidan. Here an opportunity, not given before, was granted to the people to make manifest their welcome to him. The fair was open to the general public. No exclusive provision was made for the attendance of any kind of privileged people. Secretaries and under-secretaries were on the same footing as their own office *chuprassis* and these had to mingle with despised brothers from the *chamars*. Caste was overwhelmed. Distinctions died. Demos unalloyed held sway and never looked like being dethroned. At the lowest computation a lakh of people were present, drawn from all grades of society. Among them the Prince freely moved. Well, he moved, mounted on a horse. But it was no easy progress. A force of military and police had been entrusted with the task of keeping something like a clear pathway round the ground of the fair. They succeeded but indifferently in their task. The people's loyalty and enthusiasm defeated the attempts to regulate them in rows and marshal them in squares. Good humouredly, the police let them have their way. So they surged and swayed towards the Prince. They ebbed and bowed as one section of people, having gazed their fill and cheered their loudest, withdrew slightly in favour of the ranks behind them.



Signing the document which was placed beneath the foundation stone of the Kitchener College, Delhi.

Somewhere in the midst of the malestrom of people there were enclosures for the sports which were to have been the chief attraction of the fair. But the wrestlers showed off their cunning devices for overthrowing their opponents in vain. The runners ran only into a crowd where their fleetness of foot availed them nothing. The camels, which were to have contended against each other for a prize for speed, succeeded only in knocking over a perspiring photographer who sought to judge their merits and then in super-superciliousness, gave over all efforts. But the people cared little. They had forgotten that the purpose of their presence was a fair. It was sufficient for them that they saw the Prince, saw him, not in gilded splendour, but at close quarters, among them, one of them.

It is doubtful whether, anywhere on his world travels, the Prince has been confronted with such a scene as that on which he looked down from his horse on his last afternoon in Delhi. On that occasion, the Capital spoke nobly for all India, expressing a sentiment which intriguers have vainly tried to stifle, the attachment of the people to the Crown. Never were the Republicans and those who dream of India outside the British Empire more forcibly answered than they were by that memorable spectacle. On this day a fresh bond of union was forged between the Crown and the people of India, a bond compounded of mutual confidence and understanding.

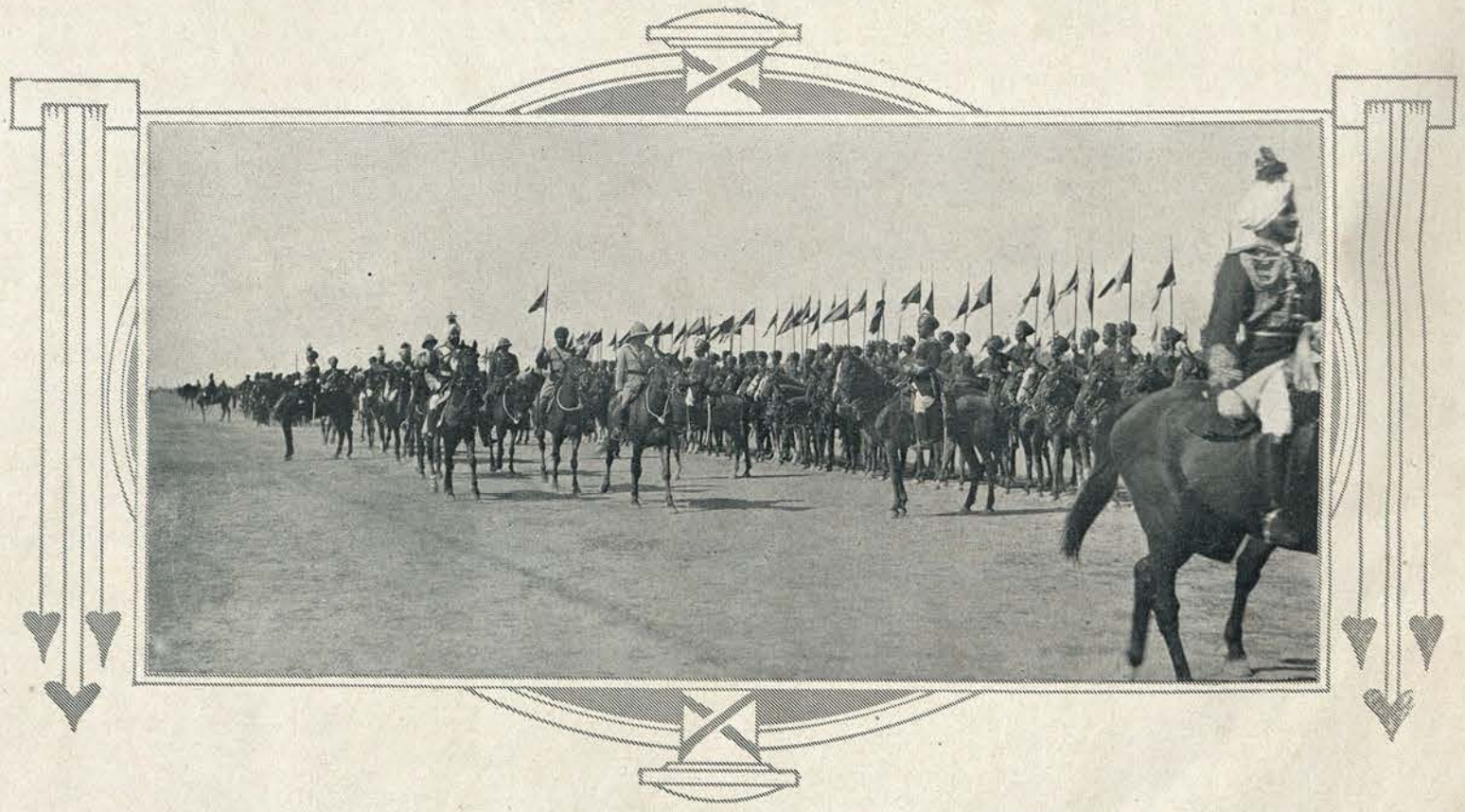
At eleven o'clock at night the Prince left Delhi on the last stage of his tour which was spent in the Punjab and the Frontier Province.

Some Picturesque Figures at the Delhi Durbar.

CHAPTER IX.

SPORT IN PATIALA—LAHORE: THE CAPITAL OF THE PUNJAB—THE PRINCE ATTENDS A MELA—A MULTITUDE'S FERVOUR—THE RAILWAY FOLK: VISIT TO MOGHALPURA—THE BATTLE MACE OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL—INTO JAMMU—THE BEAUTY OF THE KASHMIRIS' ARTS AND CRAFTS—FRONTIER AND FRONTIERSMEN—UP THE KHYBER—THE MALAKAND AND ITS FEUDS—THE MILITARY CANTONMENTS OF THE NORTH—REVIEWS AND PRESENTATIONS OF COLOURS—KARACHI: THE LAST DAY—A ROUND OF CEREMONIES—"AVE ATQUE VALE."

AFTER the departure from Delhi, the rate of the tour was sensibly speeded up. The rest of the time was spent in the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province, with visits to three Native States. In all, thirteen places were visited in a space of twenty-four days. Patiala was the first halt after Delhi. Here the Prince spent three days. It was felt that the eight days of incessant ceremonial through which the Prince had passed in Delhi had earned for him a little recreation. This the Maharaja of Patiala provided with generous hand. He dispensed entirely with the formal inter-change of visits and left, as the only official functions, the inspection of the State troops and the review of ex-servicemen and a State banquet. For the rest of the time, the Prince was free to do as he pleased. There was polo, shooting and dancing and, be it not forgotten, pig-sticking, a pastime in which the Prince had had no opportunity of indulging since he left Jodhpur. He went out twice after hog, with fair success. The banquet, attended by two hundred and sixty guests, was held in the big Durbar Hall of the old palace. The guests had an opportunity of seeing the famous Patiala pearls which the Maharaja wore at dinner.



Inspection of the Patiala Troops.

The Prince left Patiala for Lahore on the night of February 24. On the following day, he broke his journey for a couple of hours at Jullunder in order to lay the foundation stone of one of the two contemplated King George's Royal Indian Military Schools. These schools owe their origin to the King who, in response to frequent appeals by Indian soldiers for better facilities for the education of their sons, directed that the King Emperor's Patriotic Fund should be used for the building of two boarding schools to be devoted to the education, both literary and military, of the sons of Indian soldiers. Of the other school, which will be built at Serai Alamgir, near Jhelum, the Prince also laid the foundation stone. There was no more touching or striking feature of the ceremony at Jullunder than the attendance there of some four thousand pensioners. This number was only a small part of the multitudes who declared their wish to be present. All could not be accommodated, either on the railway or at the place. But the four thousand were very representative. The sincerity and depth of their desire to see the Prince may be gauged by the fact that among them were several hundred Dogras who had trudged for four or five days across country to the nearest railway station. The Prince, who always took great pains to see every pensioner and ex-serviceman on parade at all the places visited, took especial pains at Jullunder. Certainly the pensioners were worth it and just as surely did they make return, by their loyal and enthusiastic acclamation, for the Prince's courtesy.

The journey was continued and Lahore reached in the late afternoon. People with good memories and a knowledge of Milton's writings—not a very common combination—will recall that Lahore is mentioned in "Paradise Regained." As it was the heavenly avatar of Adam whose eye viewed the kingdoms of the world "to Agra and Lahore of Great Moghul," the city must be supposed to have a history of at least respectable middle age. Its early days, alas! were turbulent. It was a rest house for every marauder from the north. It was indispensable to warlike expeditions. An invasion of India without the capture of Lahore would have been like pork without crackling. Invasion, however, became a profitless and dangerous

calling, and Lahore, left to peace, became what it now is—the Capital of the Punjab, with a population of more than a quarter of a million souls and with great and increasing trade resources, the greatest railway, administrative, and social centre in the Punjab, with suburbs which "possess gardens and roads equalled in beauty by few in any part of India."

With such credentials, Lahore might have been expected to give a welcome to the Prince which, like its suburbs, would be "equalled by few in any part of India." And it was so. The whole of the long and circuitous route from the railway station to Government House was thickly and consistently lined with people. And they cheered. They cheered nobly with strepitous clamour. Many thousands of the people, it is true, were folk from the districts. But that is only fit and proper, since Lahore is the Capital and furnished the best opportunity for the people of the Punjab to see the Prince. Nor did the crowd lack picturesqueness. No Indian crowd does. But a distinctive note was given to the crowds in Lahore by the presence at one point on the route of a long double row of camels—which had brought the riders on their backs many days' journey across the country and looked as if the hundredth name of God spelt camel—and of a group of Baluchis, clad in flowing white robes, with eagle beaks and twinkling eyes, their faces for the rest being little else than a jungle of black hair. They made a wildly picturesque group as they stood, indolently lounging by the wayside, their belts stuffed with daggers, jezails of immense length fondly clasped to their bosoms.

Inspecting the Patiala pipers: The Prince with the Maharaja.

The next salient picture of the Lahore visit was furnished by the *Mela* on Sunday—the popular fair at which wrestlers, runners and athletes demonstrate their prowess before the people. Acrobats perched upon poles; acrobats upon each other's heads; acrobats turning somersaults and handsprings; acrobats intertwined like inverse Siamese twins and whirling like Catherine wheels; strong men piling teak with their teeth and breaking chains with their chests; tumblers leaping through space in every manner of gyration, and casting themselves through fiery hoops without a thought to the inflamability of human flesh; men on stilts and men on what, one concludes, must be the lineal untutored ancestor of the pogo stick; wrestlers fiercely striving and stalling. Place all these in a vast arena in the light of an afternoon sun, which warms but does not burn; ring them round with companies of bearded Baluchis and hairy hill-men; at a wider interval set thirty thousand spectators from Lahore and the districts of the Punjas; set in their midst a shamiana and within it a dais and a canopy, provide purple music from a yellow band and a great volume of tumult, shouting, dust, *bhistis* rushing to empty bulging waterskins upon the dusty plain, and at least fifty men upon a tree. There you have the skeleton of the *Mela* enacted before the eyes of the Prince on this afternoon.

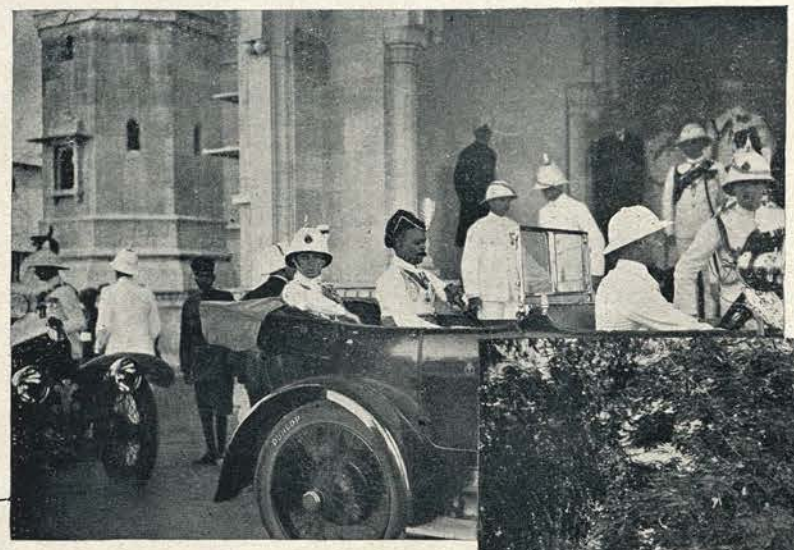
Ruling Chiefs of the Punjab being presented to the Prince at Lahore.

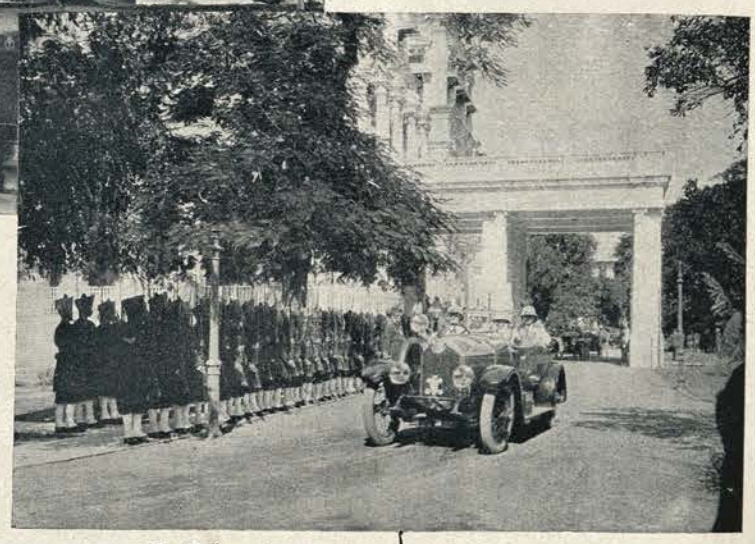
Normally at a *Mela* the spectators will sit contentedly round the arena, offering caustic advice to the competitors, making shrewd prophecies of the results of competitions, manifesting expert interest. But on this Sunday they displayed only a secondary interest in the *Mela* itself. They pressed forward and at points carried the police, who kept the ground, before them. They invaded the sacred enclosure set apart for the sports. They quite spoiled the arena's neat circle, converting it into that favourite toy of mathematicians, an oblate spheroid. With difficulty, they were got back to where they belonged. But they did not stay. When the Prince left they would not be denied. They broke through the police barrier—the police, indeed, being similarly disposed, were not very obstructionist—and as one man they made for the Prince's car which they surrounded with cheers and shouts and the waving of arms. And when the Royal car had shaken itself free of the people, they turned and made for the shamiana, invading it by hundreds, to the vast embarrassment of the spectators it contained, and ranged themselves round in front of it for the sole purpose of gazing at—since they could come no nearer to it—the Prince's chair. They quite forgot that two doughty champions of wrestling had been vigorously contending for half an hour to see who should bite the dust. Like a sea they flowed over them and picked the wrestlers up on the crest of their wave, so that at least one bout had to wait for decision till another day.

On the morning of February 27 the Prince visited the railway folk in their workshops at Moghulpura. Against the visit sheet upon sheet of memoranda had been prepared, strings of tabulation, lakh upon lakh of figures. But the salient points about the loco, and wagon and carriage shops are that they cover half a square mile, they are capable of repairing at the rate of one locomotive a day, the same rate of production of carriages being within the powers of the carriage shops, that there are twenty miles of track running through them and that they employ something more than forty-two thousand men. Most of the things the shops have to show were seen by the Prince. They were seen hurriedly, it is true, for his time was very limited, but the glimpse was enough to give His Royal Highness a rough idea of the working capacity of big Indian railway headquarters.

At noon, the Prince visited the Legislative Council in the Council Chamber. There appeared to be a full attendance to welcome him. As the Prince entered the Hall in procession, he was preceded by the President of the Council and the Council's Mace. The Punjab Council is the only one of the local parliaments to possess a mace. The mace was presented to the Council by the Government of the Punjab, being one from among the many antiquarian treasures possessed by Government. The Mace is not in the least like the bauble at St. Stephen's. Made of solid steel, weighty and massive, it looks most forbiddingly business-like. Well it might. For it is a Persian battle mace designed for the cracking of skulls—it probably cracked a good many when Baber invaded India—and not as a symbol of authority.

The main and distinctive feature of the brief ceremony was the Prince's speech. Delivered in a voice slightly hoarse from a cold from which he was suffering at the time, it gained from that fact an emotional quality which was not always present in the Prince's occasional speeches.





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His Highness entertained the Prince of Wales for a day and a half at a camp near Jamu. He brought to the camp, from Srinagar and other centres in Kashmir, merchants and their products which included the famous Kashmir shawls, examples of the famous wood carving and lacquer work and silverware.

THE PRINCE IN INDIA.

An inspection of pensioners, sport—racing and a day with the hounds—and a few minor functions filled the rest of the time spent in Lahore. The closing scenes of the visit were as memorable as any of the tour. Soldiers and Indian volunteers lined the route of the Prince's final drive to the railway station. Each bore a great flaming torch. Near the station a fire dance was given. Trees, houses and railings winked and twinkled with a thousand lamps. The railway station itself was a great facade of flaming colour. Inside the station military bands made melody in massive chords which reverberated fortissimo from the vaulted roof. Stalwart soldiers stood in front of the Royal train with a rope, ready to restrain the crowds, soon to be admitted to the station platform, who were to wave farewell to the Prince.

All that we saw of the city of Jammu were its towers gleaming in the distance. A case of plague developed shortly before the date of the Prince's visit and, as in India one plague leads to another, it was thought advisable to quarantine the city. Consequently all the functions in connection with the visit were held at Satwari Camp, two or three miles distant from the city. Jammu is at the gate of Kashmir, that paradise land of love songs and lotus eaters. Thence you see the foothills of the Himalayas, looking in the clear air as if distant by only an hour's stroll. Beyond them stands a range of higher hills. Behind, snow-capped, tower monsters of eight or ten thousand feet. Range upon range the hills climb into the heavens, scarred with snake-like undulations which proclaim the passes leading to Kashmir and the trans-Himalayan lands. The aspect of the hills as the Prince saw them was stormy. And they gave us stormy weather. The air when we arrived was balmy as that of an English spring. But at noon the wind waxed and blew the dust in clouds everywhither. At evening it rained. The rain ceased to let the moon through the cloud wrack. The calm was momentary. For, after dinner, the clouds gathered again and, after an interval of breathless sultriness, it began to thunder and lighten and rain with vicious intensity. Still, the dance went on and joy was unconfined and the functions abated little of their formal glory for the weather. Even the fireworks resisted the damp. Some spluttered and fizzled a bit. But most of the rockets soared as high, the fire fountains flowed as copiously and the whizz-bangs banged as heartily as they were intended to.

Baluchi Warriors at the Lahore "Mela."

In honour of the Prince an exhibition of Kashmiri arts and crafts had been organised. Even senses jaded by three and a half months of wonder heaped on wonder responded to the beauty of the work and the delicacy of the craftsmanship revealed therein. Shawls of incomparable beauty of texture and pattern, which had taken three years in the making, silver and gold boxes which might tempt a saint to larceny, vases and bowls of lacquer fit to evoke a poem comparable to the ode on a Grecian urn, and carved woodwork in tables

The Prince at Jammu: Leaving in procession with the Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir.

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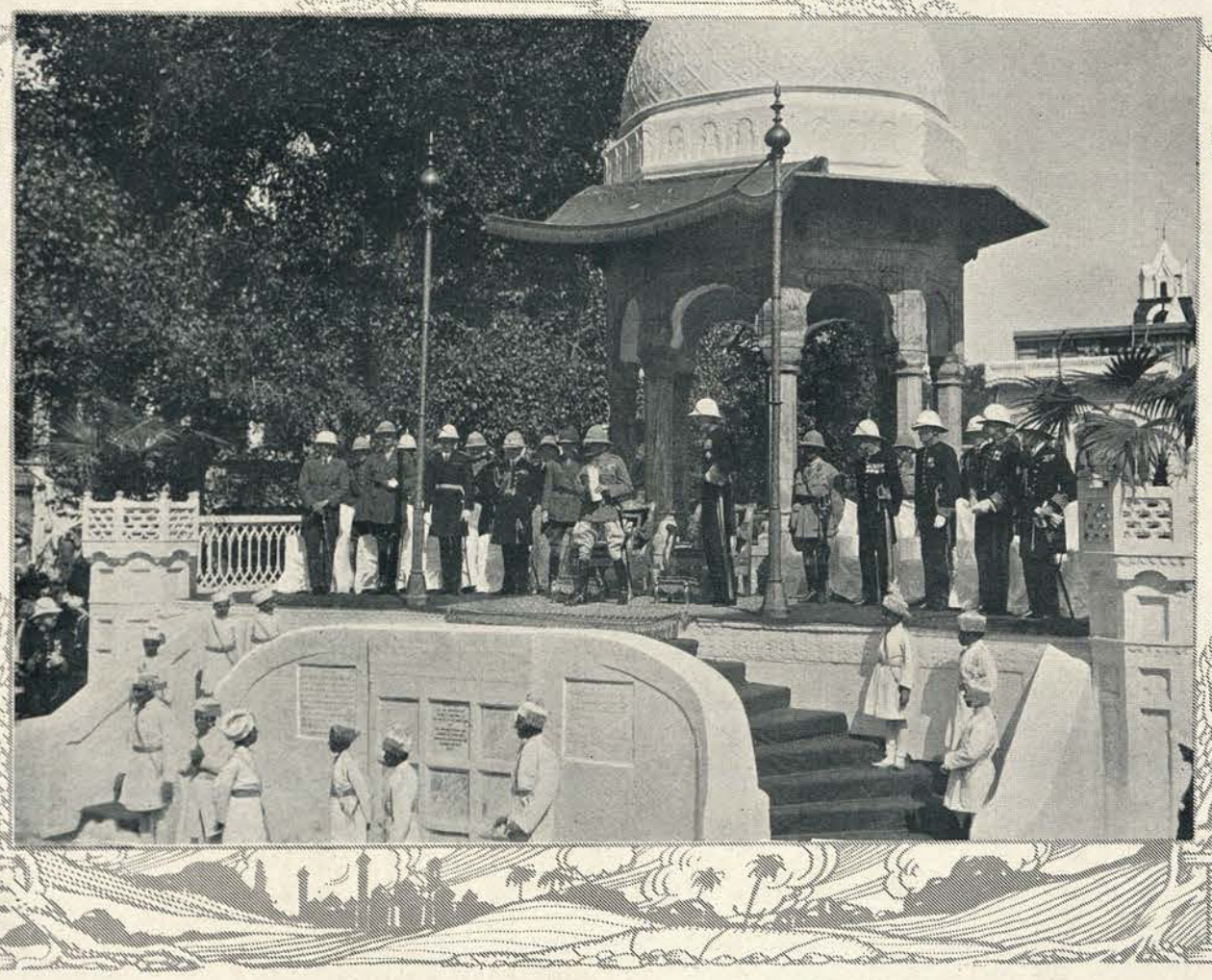
and boxes, in chairs, in frames, in what you will! There appeared to be no end to the articles, no end to the art. And there was a very marvellous box of jade. But with it, only money in large quantities could have talked.

Two halts were made in the journey from Jammu to Peshawar, the first at Sialkote, the second at Jhelum. The purpose of the first was a review of the troops in garrison and of the second to lay the foundation stone of the second of the King George's Royal Military Schools. At Jhelum a parade of pensioners was held and was inspected by the Prince.

Peshawar was reached on the morning of March 4. There we had our first experience during the tour of Indian winter. All day a great wind blows, growing ever keener and keener as the sun sinks. It comes from steep upon steep of snow, threatening to bring the snows themselves down to Peshawar in the night. It is scarcely credible that there is in March in the whole of India such keen tonic air, which makes the cheeks glow and the blood tingle with vitality. Yet peoples. As someone has said, it is a "title deed to wealth sighted up to three thousand yards."

Peshawar stands upon the plain into which the Khyber Pass debouches. On the second day of his visit the Prince went up the Pass. No-one who goes to Peshawar ever does otherwise. No-one who does so but feels he has had an experience of unique worth. He has seen the postern gate of India, the gateway through which has flowed since time began the tide of fierce soldiers of the hills into the fertile plains beyond the Indus. He has seen the pathway of the invasions of centuries. And it changes little with the years. The journey to it is still through the same pitiless bareness, with feeble traces of vegetation as if a blight had fallen on a spot for ever dedicated to strife.

Suddenly the road emerges from the hedgerows and the rose gardens of Peshawar Cantonments into a dusty yellow plain. It goes on for a mile past a fort and an encampment, each heavily ringed with thick barbed wire, each fitted with electric lights so arranged



Replying to the Municipal Address at the Hastings Memorial, Peshawar.

Peshawar is not India. Look at its people, tall hillmen from the Central Asian highlands or their barely urbanised descendants. Nor is it even a city, for there is no public building of any moment. It is a huge and battered caravanserai, a huddle of houses which are but four mud walls and a flat roof. Its populace for the most part are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

Walk through the bazaar. You see the merchants squatting, two and three in the bare shops, spreading out their wares to likely customers or smoking their hubble-bubbles, or blowing charcoal fires which may have something to do with metal work or may be simply the climate. And there stand in the street groups of picturesque fellows who may be merchants, but look like brigands. If you are walking it is unwise to jostle against them. They turn with an ugly snarl and their hand fidgets with something beneath their shawls. Perhaps they are down looking for rifles—there are many in Peshawar just now and a rifle is a real hallmark of gentility among the frontier that by night the inner circle is a pool of inky black and outside is brightest day. A poor lookout for even the stealthiest raider! By day the road is open, but at night it is closed, as are the fields—if the sweep of arid dust on either side of the road may be so called—with barriers more than breast high of barbed wire. This for the security of Peshawar.

On one goes, through the keen air which bites into the skin, piercing through many folds of clothing, until one reaches the fort of Jamrud (where at present the railway ends) looking like a baronial hall modelled by a child in plasticine. Here one feels is the entrance of the pass. But there is still a mile or two before one enters, almost insensibly, the jaws of the gorge. Then begins the climb—a continual zig-gag along the finest motor road in India. From the car one sees the white ribbons which are the other roads through the pass —along these the caravan of the merchants travel twice a week—and the tall standards and the ceaselessly moving wires which are the

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overhead railway, taking rations and the material for fortification and building to the men at the head of the Pass. But for these there is nothing to be seen except drab mountain enclosing a narrow prospect of blue sky, opening only into another vista of khaki mountain, deep gorge and sky like tempered steel. In the valley wherein winds the Khyber river there is a tenuous appearance of fertility. Some grain grows in patches, and groups of sumpter mules and donkeys browse, making a frugal meal. But the heights seem barren as a field of lava, offering no sustenance even to a mouse. Yet there are villages upon them, a huddle of mud huts, each with its watch tower of mud, each continually vigilant and alert; for in the village not a quarter of a mile distant as a bullet flies lurk the hereditary enemy and all his tribe.

But the great game of shooting my neighbour wanes; slowly but surely it dies. Courts of justice look more sternly than heretofore upon the spilling of blood. The advantages of keeping the law and of settling quarrels by justice and not the knife or the bullet become dimly evident to the hillmen. For one thing, they are so much more vulnerable than they were. The perfection of the roads in the Pass and of the transport make every part accessible. The blockhouses, each with its door and windows and loopholes—these, for security, are no nearer the ground than twice a man's height and access is given by a moveable ladder—and the sangars of stone which crown the heights frown upon lawlessness, make indeed of the Pass on caravan days, when all the pickets are out above the roads, a thoroughfare as safe as Bond Street.

Mounted on General Sir Hari Singh's "Belladonna."

At the crest stands Landhi Khana—a height dominating the valley, crowned wth a fort, sheltering a barrack. Thence one looks straight into Afghanistan. Indeed, one may walk into it: the frontier is but a stone's throw distant. A hundred miles away, but looking as if half an hour in a car would take one to their lower slopes, tower the snow-clad Hindu Khush, serene and beautiful. Nearer shadowed by its bounding ranges, is the valley of the Kabul river, and beyond, in a farther plain between the hills, a blue haze in the distance, is Jellalabad, whither in a few years the railway, of which the Prince saw the earthworks and the tunnels, will wind its steep and difficult way.

On the return journey to Peshawar the Prince stopped at Jamrud to inspect a *jirga* of Maliks, representative of the whole Afridi nation, assembled to do him honour. In accordance with the patriarchal custom, they presented him with sheep and goats "not in single spies, but in battalions." The sticklers for etiquette among them wanted to make

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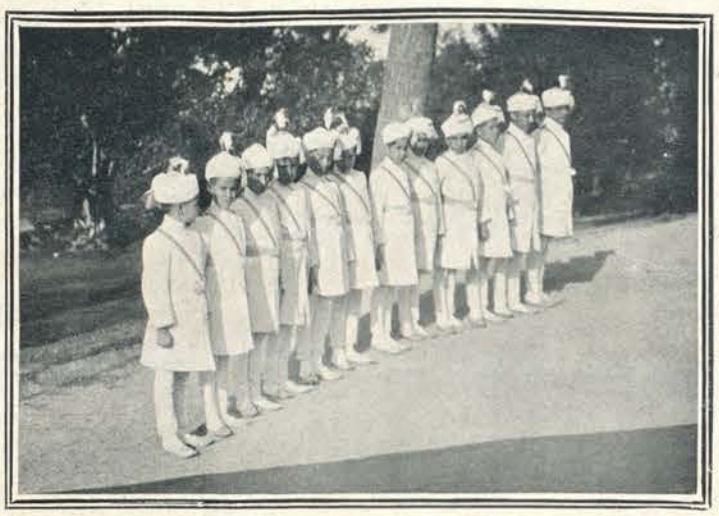
a sacrifice of at least one of the animals and mark the Prince blood brother with its gore. But they were restrained from performing this impressive ceremony and remained content with the utterance of many and flowery benisons.

With fertile meadows and wheat lands at the gate, flanked and enclosed by hills whose primeval ruggedness is softly covered with verdure, the Malakand Pass looks far kindlier than the Khyber. But it is an illusory kindliness. The Pass is soaked in the blood of centuries' old blood feuds. Even to-day the tribesmen pass their life in eternal strife. But the grim game of slaughter sometimes throws up amusing incidents. Of one such the Prince's visit was the occasion. For countless years the rulers and the tribesmen of Swat and Dir have nourished an unquenchable feud. They are experts in vendetta in a country where all are specialists. All the year round they stand armed in array each against the other. But, in honour of the Prince's visit, they called off the feud and declared truce for a space of twenty-four hours that all might go to Mardan, some miles from the entrance to the Pass, and participate with impunity in the welcome to the Prince. Could loyalty go further? Could sacrifice do more? What happened when the truce ended, when also the Dirians had to make their way back to their own country through that of the hereditary foe, is not recorded. There was talk of British protection. But, with martial pride, the Dirians are said to have scorned any such offer and to have ploughed their way home—if indeed the truce was not prolonged—to their mountain fastness.



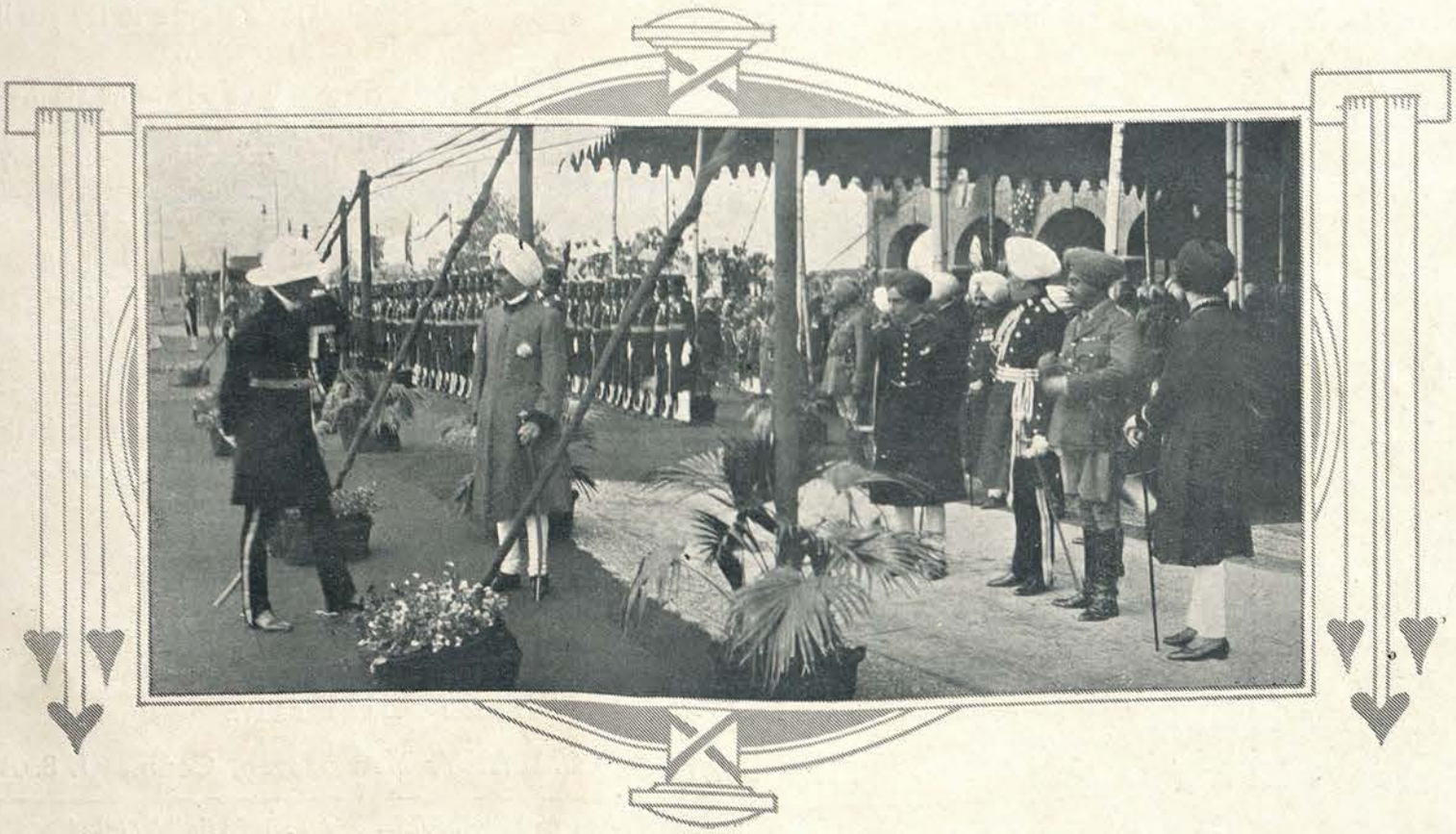
At Peshawar: The Prince's Pages.

The Prince went up the Pass as far as the Fort of Chakdara—famous wherever Kipling is read as the scene of Gunga Din's exploit—and, returning in the afternoon to Mardan, attended there an At Home given by the Corps of Guides. Of Mardan, the headquarters of the Guides, it ought to be recorded that nowhere in the tour was greater interest shown in the Prince. The families of the neighbourhood, who have nearly all at one time or another had a representative in the famous Corps, were in a ferment about the visit for weeks before it took place. Constantly the officers of the Corps found themselves asked "When is the Shahzada Sahib coming? How long will he stay? Will there be a big *tamasha*? and the like.

From Mardan the Prince went to Rawalpindi, breaking his journey at Nowshera, where he reviewed the troops, and again at Taxila, where he was conducted round the excavated ruins of the Jaulian monastery, the largest Buddhistic remains in India. He arrived in Rawalpindi on the afternoon of March 9. Two and a half days were spent there, devoted mostly to military functions. There we saw the best military spectacle of the tour. We saw ten thousand men handled as if they were a platoon. And we saw colours presented to five regiments in circumstances of impressive pageantry. As a mere ceremony the presentation of colours to a regiment is always moving and remains, in an age when military display has almost disappeared, the one reminder of the pomp which used to be inseparable from the Army. But, performed as it usually is in the middle of a brown and dusty parade ground, it often loses much of its inherent impressiveness.

On this occasion, however, the setting for the ceremony was perfect. It seemed that a charming glade had been specially imported from England for the occasion. The feathery capitals of trees, which looked like larches, nodded benignantly round the greensward of the arena. There was nothing of the dusty cold-weather plains of India in the setting. A few knolls hid the colour parties from the view of the spectators. All we saw was the hollow square of the troops keeping the ground. Into this the colour parties advanced to the music of the regimental marches played by massed bands. The music, the hidden stations of the parties and the scenery assisted in conferring the last touch of splendour on the ceremony. In effect, the whole thing was like nothing so much as the last climactic scene of some spectacular drama.

The last of the native states to be visited was Kapurthala where the Prince spent a day. He had little time to explore the beauties



The Maharaja Waiting to Welcome the Prince to Kapurthala.

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You will enjoy the new, clean "sweetness" of your mouth. You will rejoice to see your teeth grow snowy white. You will have better health.

Kolynos removes the stubborn tartar film, and banishes the acid-forming germs that cause tooth decay.

Millions of germs lurk in mouth and throat—kill them.

The mouth is the gate-way of the body. Countless germs thrive there, awaiting their chance to lay you ill with colds or fever.

As you brush, here's a comforting thought: Kolynos does more than merely clean the teeth. Kolynos (Greek for "disease preventer") destroys these ravaging bacteria in mouth and throat and helps guard you against the inroads of disease.

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of Kapurthala. There is, for instance, the river. The river at Kapurthala has a reputation. It claims to be reminiscent of the upper reaches of the Thames, and its claims are not without justice. The banks, thickly lined with trees, whose branches droop and trail in the easily flowing water, shade the river from the full glare of the sun so that an excursion by boat on its surface is truly delightful. But though the Prince had not the time to go on the river, he attended a garden party—tea, tennis, and so forth—at the Palace and paid a visit to a fete of the people at the Shalimar where rejoicings on the popular scale and in the popular manner were begun at four o'clock and continued till after dark. At night there was a banquet in the Palace and a conjuring entertainment on the terrace.

Three hours on March 13 were spent at Dehra Dun. In that time the Prince reviewed three battalions of infantry, opened the Prince of Wales' Royal Military College, inspected a parade of pensioners, presented a cup to the winners of the Gurkhas' brigade football tournament—Dehra Dun shares with Mardan the privilege of being the only permanent regimental headquarters in India—and presented colours to the Royal Military School, Sanawar. Of these the most significant ceremony was the opening of the new College. This college forms part of the scheme for army education which has grown out of the resolve progressively to Indianise the officering of the Indian Army. The Army tradition has demanded for its officers a certain type of manhood, the chief characteristics of which are supposedly supplied by a public school education. Thus far, the Indian candidates admitted to Sandhurst have not all possessed these characteristics, a fact mainly due to the lack of instruction in India corresponding to that furnished by the English public schools. This deficiency will, it is hoped, be overcome by the Prince of Wales' Royal Military College, among others, which will be run generally on the lines of a public school, with a particular bias which will fit its scholars for Sandhurst. Already there are thirty cadets in the school and, as facilities increase, so will the numbers.

Kapurthala Sirdars in Ancient Sikh Costume.

After a visit to Gajraula, where he witnessed the last heats in the competition for the Kadir Cup—the blue riband of pig-sticking—the Prince reached Karachi, on the morning of March 17. He was met by H. E. the Governor of Bombay. At the railway station an address was presented to him by the Municipality. From the railway station the Prince drove to the Frere Hall, where were staged the next two ceremonies —the presentation of colours to the 126th Baluchistan Infantry and the unveiling of the Baluch war Memorial. The former was a

At Karachi: The last Salute before Embarking for the Farther East.

simple ceremony. It was not, as it were fully, choral; for neither were the old colours on parade nor was there that display of sad and triumphal music which is usually so much a feature of colour presentations. The Prince addressed the troops in Hindustani, making the longest vernacular speech he made on the tour and being rapturously acclaimed. The unveiling of the War Memorial passed off with clockwork decisiveness and due impressiveness, until the crucial moment. The string the Prince had to pull to draw away the enshrouding flags failed to function and the flags had to be torn ruthlessly away before the pylon which commemorates the gallant deeds of gallant troops stood revealed.

After lunch the Prince was given no respite. He spent the hours until four o'clock in bidding goodbye to and in decorating members of the secret service staff who had helped to protect him against possible danger during the tour, and in saying farewell to many others who accompanied the tour. From this duty, with but the briefest of rests, he passed on to visit the Children's Fete given in the Municipal Gardens, where he was received with such shrill clamourous cheering as only children know how to give. A brief visit to the garden party given in his honour by the Mahomedan jagirdars and zemindars of Sind left him a bare half hour to return to Government House to prepare for his departure.

Then, last scene of all—the quay at Kiamari backed by the godowns of the Port Trust, their harsh outlines hidden for the nonce in a blaze of flags and bunting. A wide stretch of quay is cut in even rectangles by red carpets. At the jetty's side, low-lying in the shallow water of the lowest tide of the year, is moored His Majesty's cruiser COMUS, manned and dressed, which is to bear the Prince to the waiting RENOWN. Steam is up and escapes softly hissing through the safety valves.

Indian Princes waiting on the Quay to Bid the Prince Good-Bye.

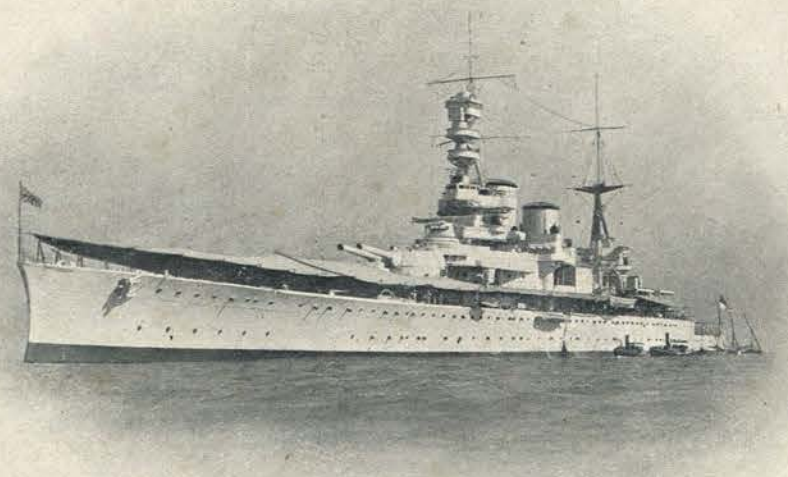
A grand stand of sand bags covered with rough and ready cushions, red and white, awaits the coming of the spectators. These begin to arrive soon after 5 o'clock. Motor cars with racing engines drive up in a steady procession and disgorge their freights. Rapidly the grand-stand is filled with close on a thousand folk. Upon the poop of the COMUS the band of the RENOWN is paraded and plays sweet airs which are caught up and hummed by the people on shore. When it ceases, the music is continued by a military band by the water's edge. The thud of ammunition boots on the hollow pier heralds the approach of troops. They arrive, a hundred men of the Royal Air Force to whom has fallen the honour of providing the last of the Prince's Indian Guards of Honour. They take up their station in front of the COMUS. Shepherded by police and penned along the spreading frontage of the godowns are the crowds who, with no open sesame to the grandstand, have yet come in the hope of being able to bid Godspeed to the Prince.

A stir among the farther crowds and the rising from their seats of the people on the stands proclaim the arrival of His Excellency the Governor. The bands are silent: a hush falls upon the assembled thousands. Then, after a silent wait of a quarter of an hour, the first troopers of the escort come trotting round the corner of the farthest godown. The cavalry, mounted on little ponies, is soon past; then come rumbling the battery of guns, and finally—for there were no eyes for the escort bringing up the rear—the scarlet coats of the outriders of His Royal Highness' State Carriage.

The Prince himself, as soon as his carriage rounds the bend and comes on to the quay, is greeted with a storm of cheers. Hand at the salute, he alights. The Guard of Honour is soon inspected, and the Prince returns to the forefront of the crowd, bids goodbye to the dignataries of Karachi, then to the Indian Maharajahs present, most of whom had the honour of entertaining him during the tour, then to the military officers, and last to his Indian staff and the Governor.

A few steps and he has climbed the gangway. He has mounted to the poop. "God Save the King" comes crashing from the band on board. As if in echo, "God Save the King" is shouted from brazen throats on shore. The crowd on the stand breaks and rushes to the water's edge, cheering madly in wild enthusiasm and regret. The Prince stands on the poop saluting and smiling. Slowly the vessel moves away. "Auld Lang Syne" comes pealing from the ship's band, to be followed by the less mournful strains of that ineffable ditty of the Western Front "Good-bye-ee." The vessel gathers way. Soon many yards separate it from the shore, and the music comes faintly riding on the water. But, still easily discernible in the half-light after sunset, is the trim sailorly figure at the break of the poop, saluting the land and the people which have gone out to him in fervent welcome in the past four months.

It is the fit close. The Prince came to India at dawn. He left it at evening as the sun sank to rest, his work performed and his duty done.



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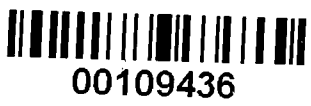

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